

POEMS, AND Translations.

By the AUTHOR of
The Satyrs upon the Jesuits.



L O N D O N:

Printed for *Jos. Hindmarsh*, Bookseller to his Royal
Highness, at the Black Bull in *Cornhil*, 1683.

Advertisement.

THE Author of the following Pieces must be excused for their being huddled out so confusedly. They are Printed just as he finished them off, and some things there are which he design'd not ever to expose, but was fain to do it, to keep the Press at work, when it was once set a going. If it be their Fate to perish, and go the way of all mortal Rhimes, 'tis no great matter in what method they have been plac'd, no more than whether *Ode, Elegy, or Satyr* have the honor of Wiping first. But if they, and what he has formerly made Publick, be so happy as to live, and come forth in an Edition all together, perhaps he may then think them worth the sorting in better Order. By that time belike he means to have ready a very Sparkish Dedication, if he can but get himself known to some Great Man, that will

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Advertisement.

will give a good parcel of Guinnies for being handsomely flatter'd. Then likewise the Reader (for his farther comfort) may expect to see him appear with all the Pomp and Trappings of an Author; his Head in the Front very finely cut, together with the Year of his Age, Commendatory Verses in abundance, and all the Hands of the Poets of *Quorum* to confirm his Book, and pass it for Authentick. This at present is content to come abroad naked, Undedicated, and Unprefac'd, without one kind Word to shelter it from Censure; and so let the Criticks take it amongst them.

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THE

THE EIGHTH
SATYR
OF
Monsieur BOILEAU,
Imitated.

Written in *October*, 1682.

*The POET brings himself in, as discoursing with a
Doctor of the University upon the Subject ensuing.*

OF all the Creatures in the world that be,
Beast, Fish, or Fowl, that go, or swim, or fly
Throughout the Globe from *London* to *Japan*,
The arrant'st Fool in my opinion's Man.

*What ? (strait I'm taken up) an Ant, a Fly,
A tiny Mite, which we can hardly see*

Without a Perspective, a silly Ass,

Or freakish Ape? Dare you affirm, that these
Have greater sense than Man? Ay, questionless. }

Doctor, I find you're shock'd at this discourse :

Man is (you cry) Lord of the Universe ;

For him was this fair frame of Nature made,

And all the Creatures for his use, and aid :

To him alone of all the living kind,

Has bounteous Heav'n the reasoning gift assign'd.

True Sir, that Reason ever was his lot,

But thence I argue Man the greater Sot.

This idle talk, (you say) and rambling stuff

May pass in Satyr, and take well enough

With Sceptick Fools, who are dispos'd to jeer

At serious things : but you must make't appear

By solid proof. Believe me, Sir, I'll do't :

Take you the Desk, and let's dispute it out.

Then by your favour, tell me first of all,

What 'tis, which you grave Doctors Wisdom call ?

You answer : *'Tis an evenness of Soul,
A steady temper, which no cares controul,
No passions ruffle, nor desires inflame,
Still constant to its self, and still the same,
That does in all its slow Resolves advance,
With graver steps, than Benchers, when they dance.*
Most true; yet is not this, I dare maintain,
Less us'd by any, than the Fool, call'd Man.

The wiser Emmet, quoted just before,
In Summer time ranges the Fallows o're
With pains, and labour, to lay in his store :
But when the blust'ring North with ruffling blasts
Saddens the year, and Nature overcasts ;
The prudent Insect, hid in privacy,
Enjoys the fruits of his past industry.
No Ant of sense was e're so awkward seen,
To drudg in Winter, loiter in the Spring.
But sillier Man, in his mistaken way,
By Reason, his false guide, is led astray :

Tost by a thousand gusts of wavering doubt,
His restless mind still rolls from thought to
thought :

In each resolve unsteddy, and unfixt,
And what he one day loaths, desires the next.

*Shall I, so fam'd for many a wanton jest
On wiving, now go take a jilt at last ?*

*Shall I turn Husband, and my station choose,
Amongst the reverend Martyrs of the Noose ?*

*No, there are fools enough besides in Town,
To furnish work for Satyr, and Lampoon :*

Few months before cried the unthinking Sot,
Who quickly after, hamper'd in the knot,
Was quoted for an instance by the rest,
And bore his Fate, as tamely as the best,

And thought, that Heav'n from some miraculous
side,

For him alone had drawn a faithful Bride.

This is our image just : such is that vain,
That foolish, fickle, motly Creature, Man :

More changing than a Weathercock, his Head
Ne'er wakes with the same thoughts, he went to
bed,

Irkfome to all beside, and ill at ease,
He neither others, nor himself can please :
Each minute round his whirling humors run,
Now he's a Trooper, and a Priest anon,
To day in Buff, to morrow in a Gown.

}
}

Yet, pleas'd with idle whimsies of his brain,
And puffed with pride, this haughty thing would
fain

Be thought himself the only stay, and prop,
That holds the mighty frame of Nature up :
The Skies and Stars his properties must seem,
And turn-spit Angels tread the spheres for him :
Of all the Creatures he's the Lord (he cries)
More absolute, than the *French* King of his.
And who is there (say you) that dares deny
So own'd a truth ? That may be, Sir, do I.

But to omit the controverſie here,
 Whether, if met, the Paſſenger and Bear,
 This or the other ſtands in greater fear,
 Or, if an Act of Parliament ſhould paſs
 That all the *Iriſh* Wolves ſhould quit the place,
 They'd ſtrait obey the Statutes high command,
 And at a minutes warning rid the Land :
 This boated Monarch of the world, that awes
 The Creatures here, and with his beck gives laws ;
 This titular King, who thus pretends to be
 The Lord of all, how many Lords has he?
 The luſt of Mony, and the luſt of Power,
 With Love, and Hate, and twenty paſſions more,
 Hold him their ſlave, and chain him to the Oar.

Scarce has ſoft ſleep in ſilence clos'd his eyes,
Up! (ſtrait ſays Avarice) *'tis time to riſe.*
 Not yet: one minute longer. *Up!* (ſhe cries)
 Th'Exchange, and Shops are hardly open yet.
No matter: Riſe! But after all, for what?

*D'ye ask ? go, cut the Line, double the Cape,
Traverse from end to end the spacious deep :
Search both the Indies, Bantam, and Japan :
Fetch Sugars from Barbadoes, Wines from Spain.
What need all this ? I've wealth enough in store,
I thank the Fates, nor care for adding more.
You cannot have too much, this point to gain,
You must no Crime, no Perjury refrain,
Hunger you must endure, Hardship, and Want,
Amidst full Barns keep an eternal Lent,
And, tho' you've more than B—m has spent,
Or C—n got, like stingy B—el save,
And grudg your self the charges of a Grave,
And the small Ransom of a single Groat,
From Sword, or Halter to redeem your Throat.
And pray, why all this sparing ? Don't you know ?
Only t'enrich a spendthrift Heir, or so :
Who shall, when you are timely dead, and gone,
With his gilt Coach, and Six amuse the Town,*

*Keep his gay brace of Punks, and vainly give
 More for a night, than you to sue for Shrieve.
 But you lose time! the Wind, and Vessel waits,
 Quick, let's aboard! Hey for the Downs, and
 Streights.*

Or, if all-powerful Mony fail of charms
 To tempt the wretch, and push him on to harms:
 With a strong hand does fierce Ambition seize,
 And drag him forth from soft repose and ease:
 Amidst ten thousand dangers spurs him on,
 With loss of Blood and Limbs to hunt renown.
 Who for reward of many a wound and maim,
 Is paid with nought but wooden Legs, and Fame;
 And the poor comfort of a grinning Fate,
 To stand recorded in the next Gazette.

*But hold (cries one) your paltry gibing wit,
 Or learn henceforth to aim it more aright:
 If this be any; 'tis a glorious fault,
 Which through all ages has been ever thought
 The Hero's virtue, and chief excellence:*

Pray, what was Alexander in your sence ?

A Fool belike. Yes, faith, Sir, much the same :

A crack-brain'd Huff, that set the world on flame :

A Lunatick broke loose, who in his fit

Fell foul on all, invaded all, he met :

Who, Lord of the whole Globe, yet not content,

Lack'd elbow-room, and seem'd too closely pent.

What madness was't, that, born to a fair Throne,

Where he might rule with Justice, and Renown,

Like a wild Robber, he should choose to roam,

A pitied wretch, with neither house, nor home,

And hurling War, and Slaughter up and down,

Through the wide world make his vast folly
known ?

Happy for ten good reasons had it been,

If *Macedon* had had a *Bedlam* then :

That there with Keepers under close restraint

He might have been from frantick mischief pent.

But that we mayn't in long digressions now

Discourse all *Rainolds*, and the Passions through,

And

And ranging them in method stiff, and grave,
 Rhime on by Chapter, and by Paragraph;
 Let's quit the present Topick of dispute,
 For *More* and *Cudworth* to enlarge about;
 And take a view of man in his best light,
 Wherein he seems to most advantage set.

*'Tis he alone (you'll say) 'tis happy he,
 That's fram'd by Nature for Society:
 He only dwells in Towns, is only seen
 With Manners and Civility to shine;
 Does only Magistrates, and Rulers choose,
 And live secur'd by Government, and Laws.*

*'Tis granted, Sir; but yet without all these,
 Without your boasted Laws, and Policies,
 Or fear of Judges, or of Justices;
 Who ever saw the Wolves, that he can say,
 Like more inhuman Us, so bent on prey,
 To rob their fellow Wolves upon the way?
 Who ever saw Church and Fanatick Bear,
 Like savage Mankind one another tear?*

What Tyger e're, aspiring to be great,
In Plots and Factions did embroil the State?
Or when was't heard upon the *Libyan* Plains,
Where the stern Monarch of the Desert reigns,
That *Whig* and *Tory* Lions in wild jars
Madly engag'd for choice of Shrieves and May'rs?
The fiercest Creatures, we in Nature find,
Respect their figure still in the same kind;
To others rough, to these they gentle be,
And live from Noise, from Feuds, from Actions free.

No Eagle does upon his Peerage sue,
And strive some meaner Eagle to undo:
No Fox was e're suborn'd by spite, or hire,
Against his brother Fox his life to swear:
Nor any Hind, for Impotence at Rut,
Did e're the Stag into the Arches put;
Where a grave Dean the weighty Case might state,
What makes in Law a carnal Job complete:
They fear no dreadful *Quo Warranto* Writ,
To shake their ancient privilege and right:

No Courts of Sessions, or Assize are there,
 No *Common-Pleas, Kings-Bench, or Chancery-Bar* :
 But happier they, by Natures Charter free,
 Secure, and safe in mutual peace agree,
 And know no other Law, but Equity.

'Tis Man, 'tis Man alone, that worst of Brutes,
 Who first brought up the trade of cutting Throats,
 Did Honor first, that barbarous term, devise,
 Unknown to all the gentler Savages ;
 And, as 'twere not enough t'have fetch'd from Hell,
 Powder, and Guns, with all the arts to kill,
 Farther to plague the world, he must ingross
 Huge Codes, and bulky Pandects of the Laws,
 With Doctors Glosses to perplex the Cause,
 Where darken'd Equity is kept from light,
 Under vast Reams of non-sense buried quite.
Gently, good Sir ! (cry you) why all this rant ?
Man has his freaks, and passions ; that we grant :
He has his frailties, and blind sides ; who doubts ?
But his least Virtues balance all his Faults,

Pray,

*Pray, was it not this bold, this thinking Man,
That measur'd Heav'n, and taught the Stars to scan,
Whose boundless wit, with soaring wings durst fly,
Beyond the flaming borders of the sky;
Turn'd Nature o're, and with a piercing view
Each cranny search'd, and lookt her through and
through:*

*Which of the Brutes have Universities?
When was it heard, that they e're took Degrees,
Or were Professors of the Faculties?
By Law, or Physick were they ever known
To merit Velvet, or a Scarlet Gown?*

No questionless; nor did we ever read,
Of Quacks with them, that were Licentiates
made,

By Patent to profess the pois'ning Trade:
No Doctors in the Desk there hold dispute
About Black-pudding, while the wond'ring Rout
Listen to hear the knotty Truth made out:
Nor Virtuoso's teach deep mysteries
Of Arts for pumping Air, and smothering Flies.

But

But not to urge the matter farther now,
Nor search it to the depth, what 'tis to know,
And whether we know any thing or no.
Answer me only this, What man is there
In this vile thankless Age, wherein we are,
Who does by Sense and Learning value bear?
*Would'st thou get Honor, and a fair Estate,
And have the looks and favours of the Great?*
Cries an old Father to his blooming Son,
*Take the right course, be rul'd by me, 'tis done.
Leave mouldy Authors to the reading Fools,
The poring crowds in Colleges and Schools :
How much is threescore Nobles & Twenty pound.
Well said, my Son, the Answer's most profound :
Go, thou know'st all that's requisite to know ;
What Wealth on thee, what Honors haste to flow !
In these high Sciences thy self employ,
Instead of Plato, take thy Hodder, Boy.
Learn there the art to audit an Account,
To what the Kings Revenue does amount :*

*How much the Customs, and Excise bring in,
And what the Managers each year purloin.
Get a Case-harden'd Conscience, Irish proof,
Which nought of pity, sense, or shame can move :
Turn Algerine, Barbarian, Turk, or Jew,
Unjust, inhuman, treacherous, base, untrue ;
Ne'r stick at wrong ; hang Widows sighs and tears,
The cant of Priests to frighten Usurers :
Boggle at nothing to encrease thy Store,
Not Orphans spoils, nor plunder of the Poor :
And scorning paltry rules of Honesty,
By surer methods raise thy Fortune high.*

*When shoals of Poets, Pedants, Orators,
Doctors, Divines, Astrologers, and Lawyers,
Authors of every sort, and every size,
To thee their Works, and Labors shall address,
With pompous Lines their Dedications fill,
And learnedly in Greek and Latin tell
Lies to thy face, that thou hast deep insight,
And art a mighty judg of what they write.*

*He, that is rich, is everything, that is,
 Without one grain of Wisdom he is wise,
 And knowing nought, knows all the Sciences :
 He's witty, gallant, virtuous, generous, stout,
 Well-born, well-bred, well-shap'd, well-drest, what not ?
 Lov'd by the Great, and courted by the Fair,
 For none that e're had Riches, found despair :
 Gold to the loathsom'st object gives a grace,
 And sets it off, and makes ev'n Bovey please :
 But tatter'd Poverty they all despise,
 Love stands aloof, and from the Scare-crow flies.*

Thus a stanch Miser to his hopeful Brat
 Chalks out the way that leads to an Estate ;
 Whose knowledg oft with utmost stretch of Brain
 No high'r than this vast secret can attain,
 Five and four's nine, take two, and seven remain.

Go, Doctor, after this, and rack your Brains,
 Unravel *Scripture* with industrious pains :
 On musty *Fathers* waste your fruitless hours,
 Correct the Criticks, and Expositors :

Out-vie great *Stillingfleet* in some vast Tome,
And there confound both *Bellarmin* and *Rome* ;
Or glean the *Rabbies* of their learned store,
To find what Father *Simon* has past o're:
Then at the last some bulky piece compile,
There lay out all your time, and pains, and skill;
And when 'tis done and finish'd for the Press,
To some Great name the mighty Work address:
Who for a full reward of all your toil,
Shall pay you with a gracious nod or smile:
Just recompence of life too vainly spent!
An empty *Thank you Sir*, and Complement.

But, if to higher Honors you pretend,
Take the advice and counsel of a Friend ;
Here quit the Desk, and throw your Scarlet by,
And to some gainful course your self apply.
Go, practise with some Banker how to cheat,
There's choice in Town, enquire in *Lombard-Street*.

Let Scot and Ockam wrangle as they please,
And thus in short with me conclude the case,
A Doctor is no better than an Ass.

*A Doctor, Sir? your self: Pray have a care,
This is to push your Raillery too far.
But not to lose the time in trifling thus,
Beside the point, come now more home and close:
That Man has Reason is beyond debate,
Nor will your self, I think, deny me that:
And was not this fair Pilot giv'n to steer,
His tott'ring Bark through Life's rough Ocean here?*

All this I grant: But if in spite of it
The wretch on every Rock he sees will split,
To what great purpose does his Reason serve,
But to mis-guide his course, and make him swerve?
What boots it *H.* when it says, Give o're
Thy scribbling itch, and play the fool no more.
If her vain counsels, purpos'd to reclaim,
Only avail to harden him in shame?

Lampoon'd, and hiss'd, and damn'd the thousandth
time,

Still he writes on, is obstinate in Rhime :

His Verse, which he does every where recite,

Put all his Neighbors, and his Friends to flight :

Scar'd by the rhiming Fiend, they hast away,

Nor will his very Groom be hir'd to stay.

The Ass, whom Nature Reason has deny'd,

Content with Instinct for his surer guide,

Still follows that, and wiselier does proceed :

He ne'er aspires with his harsh braying Note,

The Songsters of the Wood to challenge out :

Nor, like this awkward smatterer in Arts,

Sets up himself for a vain Ass of parts ;

Of Reason void, he sees, and gains his end,

While Man, who does to that false light pretend,

Wildly gropes on, and in broad day is blind.

By whimfie led he does all things by chance,

And acts in each against all common sense.

With every thing pleas'd, and displeas'd at once,
He knows not what he seeks, nor what he shuns :
Unable to distinguish good, or bad,
For nothing he is gay, for nothing sad :
At random loves, and loaths, avoids, pursues,
Enacts, repeals, makes, alters, does, undoes.

Did we, like him, e're see the Dog, or Bear,
Chimera's of their own devising fear ?
Frame needless doubts, and for those doubts forego
The Joys which prompting Nature calls them to ?
And with their Pleasures awkwardly at strife,
With scaring Fantoms pall the sweets of Life ?
Tell me, grave Sir, did ever Man see Beast
So much below himself, and sense debas'd,
To worship Man with superstitious Fear,
And fondly to his Idol Temples rear ?
Was he e're seen with Pray'rs, and Sacrifice
Approach to him, as Ruler of the Skies,
To beg for Rain, or Sun-shine on his knees ?

No never : but a thousand times has Beast
Seen Man, beneath the meanest Brute debas'd,
Fall low to Wood; and Metal heretofore,
And madly his own Workmanship adore :
In *Egypt* oft has seen the Sot bow down,
And reverence some deified Baboon :
Has often seen him on the Banks of *Nile*
Say Pray'rs to the Almighty Crocodile :
And now each day in every street abroad
Sees prostrate Fools adore a breadden God.

*But why (say you) these spiteful Instances
Of Egypt, and its gross Idolatries ?
Of Rome, and hers as much ridiculous ?
What are these lewd Buffooneries to us ?
How gather you from such wild proofs as these,
That Man, a Doctor is beneath an Ass ?
An Ass ! that heavy, stupid, lumpish Beast,
The Sport, and mocking-stock of all the rest ?
Whom they all spurn, and whom they all despise,
Whose very name all Satyr does comprize ?*

An Afs, Sir? Yes: Pray what should make us
laugh?

Now he unjustly is our jeer, and scoff.

But, if one day he should occasion find

Upon our Follies to express his mind;

If Heav'n, as once of old, to check proud Man,

By miracle should give him Speech again;

What would he say, d'ye think, could he speak
out,

Nay, Sir, betwixt us two, what would he not?

What would he say, were he condemn'd to
stand

For one long hour in *Fleetstreet*, or the *Strand*,

To cast his eyes upon the motly throng,

The two-leg'd Herd, that daily pass along;

To see their old Disguises, Furs, and Gowns,

Their Cassocks, Cloaks, Lawn-sleeves, and Panta-
loons?

What would he say to see a Velvet Quack

Walk with the price of forty kill'd on's Back;

Or mounted on a Stage, and gaping loud,
Commend his Drugs, and Ratsbane to the
Crowd?

What would he think, on a Lord Mayor's day,
Should he the Pomp and Pageantry survey?
Or view the Judges, and their solemn Train,
March with grave decency to kill a Man?

What would he think of us, should he appear
In Term amongst the crowds at *Westminster*,
And there the hellish din, and Jargon hear,
Where . . . and his pack with deep-mouth'd
Notes

Drown *Billingsgate*, and all its Oyster-Boats?
There see the Judges, Sergeants, Barristers,
Attorneys, Counsellors, Solicitors,
Criers, and Clerks, and all the Savage Crew
Which wretched man at his own charge undo?
If after prospect of all this, the Ass
Should find the voice he had in *Esope's* days;

Then, Doctor, then, casting his eyes around
On human Fools, which every where abound.

Content with Thistles, from all envy free,
And shaking his grave head, no doubt he'd cry
Good faith, Man is a Beast as much as we.

THE

THE THIRTEENTH
SATYR
OF
JUVENAL,
Imitated.

Written in *April*, 1682.

ARGUMENT.

The POET comforts a Friend, that is overmuch concerned for the loss of a considerable Sum of Money, of which he has lately been cheated by a person, to whom he intrusted the same. This he does by shewing, that nothing comes to pass in the world without Divine Providence, and that wicked Men (however they seem to escape its Punishment here)
yet

*yet suffer abundantly in the torments of an evil
Conscience. And by the way takes occasion to
last the Degeneracy, and Villany of the present
Times.*

THere is not one base Act, which Men
commit,

But carries this ill sting along with it,

That to the Author it creates regret :

And this is some Revenge at least, that he

Can ne'r acquit himself of Villany,

Tho a Brib'd Judg and Jury set him free.

All people, Sir, abhor (as 'tis but just)

Your faithless Friend, who lately broke his Trust,

And curse the treacherous Deed : But, thanks to
Fate,

That has not bless'd you with so small Estate,

But that with patience you may bear the Cross,

And need not sink under so mean a Loss.

Besides your Case for less concern does call,

Because 'tis what does usually befall :

Ten thousand such might be alledg'd with ease,
Out of the common crowd of Instances.

Then cease for shame, immoderate regret,
And don't your Manhood, and your Sense forget:
'Tis womanish, and silly to lay forth
More cost in Grief than a Misfortune's worth.
You scarce can bear a puny trifling ill,
It goes so deep, pray Heav'n! it does not kill:
And all this trouble, and this vain ado,
Because a Friend (forsooth) has prov'd untrue.
Shame o' your Beard! can this so much amaze?
Were you not born in good King *Jemmy's* days?
And are not you at length yet wiser grown,
When threescore Winters on your head have shewn?

Almighty Wisdom gives in Holy Writ
Wholsom Advice to all, that follow it:
And those, that will not its great Counsels hear,
May learn from meer experience how to bear
(Without vain struggling) Fortune's yoke, and how
They ought her rudest shocks to undergo.

There's

There's not a day so solemn thro the year,
Not one red Letter in the Calendar,
But we of some new Crime discover'd hear.
Theft, Murder, Treason, Perjury, what not?
Moneys by Cheating, Padding, poisoning got.
Nor is it strange ; so few are now the Good,
That fewer scarce were left at *Noah's Flood* :
Should *Sodom's* Angel here in Fire descend,
Our Nation wants ten Men to save the Land.
Fate has reserv'd us for the very Lees
Of Time, where Ill admits of no degrees :
An Age so bad old Poets ne'er could frame,
Nor find a Metal out to give't a name.
This your Experience knows, and yet for all
On faith of God, and Man aloud you call,
Louder than on Queen *Besse's* day the Rout
For *Antichrist* burnt in Effigie shout :
But, tell me, Sir, tell me, grey-headed Boy,
Do you not know what Lech'ry men enjoy

In stolen Goods? For Gods sake don't you see
 How they all laugh at your simplicity,
 When gravely you forewarn of Perjury?
 Preach up a God, and Hell, vain empty names,
 Exploded now for idle thredbare shams,
 Devis'd by Priests, and by none else believ'd,
 E're since great *Hobbes* the world has undeceiv'd?

This might have past with the plain simple Race
 Of our Forefathers in King *Arthur's* days:
 E're, mingling with corrupted forein Seed,
 We learnt their Vice, and spoil'd our native Breed.
 E're yet blest'd *Albion*, high in ancient Fame,
 With her first Innocence resign'd her Name.
 Fair dealing then, and downright Honesty,
 And plighted Faith were good Security:
 No vast Ingrossments for Estates were made,
 Nor Deeds, large as the Lands, which they convey'd:

To bind a Trust there lack'd no formal ties
 Of Paper, Wax, and Seals, and Witnesses,
 Nor ready Coin, but sterling Promises:

Each

Each took the other's word, and that would go
For currant then, and more than Oaths do now :
None had recourse to *Chanc'ry* for defence,
Where you forego your Right with less Expence :
Nor traps were yet set up for Perjurers,
That catch men by the Heads, and whip off Ears.
Then Knave, and Villain, things unheard of were,
Scarce in a Century did one appear,
And he more gaz'd at than a Blazing-Star :
If a young Stripling put not off his Hat
In high respect to every Beard he met,
Tho a Lord's Son, and Heir, 'twas held a crime,
That scarce deserv'd its Clergy in that time :
So venerable then was four years odds,
And grey old Heads were reverenc'd as Gods.

Now if a Friend once in an Age prove just,
If he miraculously keep his Trust,
And without force of Law deliver all
That's due, both Interest, and Principal;

Prodigious wonder ! fit for *Stow* to tell,
And stand recorded in the Chronicle ;
A thing less memorable would require
As great a Monument as *London* Fire.

A man of Faith and Uprightness is grown
So strange a Creature both in Court and Town, }
That he with Elephants may well be shown. }
A Monster, more uncommon than a Whale
At *Bridg*, the last great Comet, or the Hail,
Than *Thames* his double Tide, or should he run
With Streams of Milk , or Blood to *Gravesend*
down.

You're troubled that you've lost five hundred
pound

By treacherous Fraud : another may be found,
Has lost a thousand : and another yet,
Double to that ; perhaps his whole Estate.

Little do folks the heav'nly Powers mind,
If they but scape the knowledg of Mankind :
Observe, with how demure, and grave a look
The Rascal lays his hand upon the Book :

Then

Then with a praying Face, and lifted Eye
 Claps on his Lips, and Seals the Perjury :
 If you persist his Innocence to doubt,
 And boggle in Belief; he'll strait rap out
 Oaths by the volley, each of which would make
 Pale Athcists start, and trembling Bullies quake ;
 And more than would a whole Ships Crew main-
 tain

To the *East-Indies* hence, and back again.

*As God shall pardon me, Sir, I am free
 Of what you charge me with : let me ne'er see
 His Face in Heaven else : may these hands rot,
 These eyes drop out ; if I e're had a Groat
 Of yours, or if they ever touch'd, or saw't.*

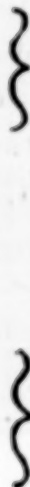
Thus he'll run on two hours in length, till he
 Spin out a Curse long as the Litany :
 Till Heav'n has scarce a Judgment left in store
 For him to wish, deserve, or suffer more.

There are, who disavow all Providence,
 And think the world is only steer'd by chance :

Make God at best an idle looker on,
 A lazy Monarch lolling in his Throne :
 Who his Affairs does neither mind, or know,
 But leaves them all at random here below :
 And such at every foot themselves will damn,
 And Oaths no more than common Breath esteem :
 No shame, nor loss of Ears can frighten these,
 Were every Street a Grove of Pillories.

Others there be, that own a God, and fear
 His Vengeance to ensue, and yet forswear :
 Thus to himself, says one, *Let Heaven decree*
What Doom so e're, its pleasure will, of me :
Strike me with Blindness, Palsies, Leprosies,
Plague, Pox, Consumption, all the Maladies
Of both the Spittles ; so I get my Prize,
And hold it sure ; I'll suffer these, and more ;
All Plagues are light to that of being poor.
There's not a begging Cripple in the streets
(Unless he with his Limbs has lost his Wits,

*And is grown fit for Bedlam) but no doubt,
To have his Wealth would have the Rich man's Count.
Grant Heavens Vengeance heavy be; what tho?
The heaviest things move slowliest still we know:
And, if it punish all, that guilty be,
'Twill be an Age before it come to me:
God too is merciful, as well as just;
Therefore I'll rather his forgiveness trust,
Than live despis'd, and poor, as thus I must:
I'll try, and hope, he's more a Gentleman
Than for such trivial things as these, to damn.
Besides, for the same Fact we've often known
One mount the Cart, another mount the Throne:
And foulest Deeds, attended with success,
No longer are reputed wickedness,
Disguis'd with Virtues Livery, and Dress.*



With these weak Arguments they fortifie,
And harden up themselves in Villany:
The Rascal now dares call you to account,
And in what Court you please, joyn issue on't:

Next Term he'l bring the Action to be tri'd,
And twenty Witnesses to swear on's side :
And, if that Justice to his Cause be found,
Expects a Verdict of five hundred pound.
Thus he, who boldly dares the Guilt out-face,
For innocent shall with the Rabble pass :
While you, with Impudence, and sham run down,
Are only thought the Knave by all the Town.

Mean time, poor you at Heav'n exclaim, and rail,
Louder than — at the Bar does bawl :
*Is there a Pow'r above ? and does he hear ?
And can he tamely Thunderbolts forbear ?
To what vain end do we with Pray'rs adore ?
And on our bended knees his aid implore ?
Where is his Rule, if no respect be had,
Of Innocence, or Guilt, of Good, or Bad ?
And who henceforth will any credit show
To what his lying Priests teach here below ?
If this be Providence ; for ought I see,
Bless'd Saint, Vaninus ! I shall follow thee :*

36 *The thirteenth S A T T R of*
Little's the odds 'twixt such a God, and that,
Which Atbeist Lewisus'd to wear in's Hat.

Thus you blaspheme, and rave: But pray, Sir,
try

What Comforts my weak Reason can apply,
Who never yet read *Plutarch*, hardly saw,
And am but meanly vers'd in *Seneca*.
In cases dangerous and hard of cure
We have recourse to *Scarborough*, or *Lower*:
But if they don't so desperate appear,
We trust to meaner Doctors skill, and care.

If there were never in the world before
So foul a deed; I'm dumb, not one word more:
A God's name then let both your sluces flow,
And all th' extravagance of sorrow show;
And tear your Hair, and thump your mournful
Breast,

As if your dearest First-born were deceas'd.
'Tis granted that a greater Grief attends
Departed Money's than departed Friends:

None ever counterfeits upon this score,
 Nor need he do't; the thought of being poor
 Will serve alone to make the eyes run o're.
 Lost Money's griev'd with true unfeigned Tears,
 More true, than Sorrow of expecting Heirs
 At their dead Father's Funerals, tho here
 The Back, and Hands no pompous Mourning wear.

But if the like Complaints be daily found
 At *Westminster*, and in all Courts abound;
 If Bonds, and Obligations can't prevail,
 But Men deny their very Hand and Seal,
 Sign'd with the Arms of the whole Pedegree
 Of their dead Ancestors to vouch the Lye,
 If *Temple-Walks*, and *Smithfield* never fail
 Of plying Rogues, that set their Souls to sale
 To the first Passenger, that bids a price,
 And make their livelihood of Perjuries;
 For God's sake why are you so delicate,
 And think it hard to share the common Fate?

And why must you alone be Fav'rite thought
Of Heav'n, and we for Reprobates cast out?

The wrong you bear, is hardly worth regard,
Much less your just resentment, if compar'd
With greater out-rages to others done,
Which daily happen, and alarm the Town :

Compare the Villains who cut Throats for Bread,
Or Houses fire, of late a gainful Trade,
By which our City was in Ashes laid :

Compare the sacrilegious Burglary,
From which no place can Sanctuary be,
That-risles Churches of Communion-Plate,
Which good King *Edward's* days did dedicate :
Think, who durst steal S. *Alban's* Font of Brass,
That Christen'd half the Royal *Scottish* Race :

Who stole the Chalicees at *Chichester*,
In which themselves receiv'd the day before :
Or that bold daring Hand, of fresh Renown,
Who, scorning common Booty, stole a Crown :

Compare too, if you please, the horrid Plot,
With all the Perjuries to make it out,
Or make it nothing, for these last three years;
Add to it *Thinne's* and *Godfrey's* Murderers:
And if these seem but slight, and trivial things,
Add those, that have, and would have murder'd
Kings.

And yet how little's this of Villany
To what our Judges oft in one day try?
This to convince you, do but travel down,
When the next Circuit comes, with *Pemlerton*,
Or any of the Twelve, and there but mind,
How many Rogues there are of Human kind,
And let me hear you, when you're back again,
Say, you are wrong'd, and, if you dare, complain.

None wonder, who in *Essex* Hundreds live,
Or *Sheppy* Island, to have Agues rise:
Nor would you think it much in *Africa*,
If you great Lips, and short flat Noses saw:

Becaus' 'tis so by Nature of each place;
And therefore there for no strange things they pass.
In Lands, where Pigmies are, to see a Crane
(As Kites do Chickens here) sweep up a Man,
In Armour clad, with us would make a show,
And serve for entertain at *Bartholmew* :
Yet there it goes for no great Prodigy,
Where the whole Nation is but one foot high :
Then why, fond Man, should you so much admire,
Since Knave is of our Growth, and common here ?

But must such Perjury escape (say you)
And shall it ever thus unpunish'd go ?
Grant, he were dragg'd to Jail this very hour,
To starve, and rot ; suppose it in your Pow'r
To rack, and torture him all kind of ways,
To hang, or burn, or kill him, as you please ;
(And what would your Revenge it self have more ?)
Yet this, all this would not your Cash restore :
And where would be the Comfort, where the Good,
If you could wash your Hands in's reaking Blood ?

But,

But, Oh, Revenge more sweet than Life ! 'Tis true,
So the unthinking say, and the mad Crew
Of hee't'ring Blades, who for slight cause, or none,
At every turn are into Passion blown :
Whom the least Trifles with Revenge inspire,
And at each spark, like Gun-powder, take fire :
These unprovok'd kill the next Man they meet,
For being so sawcy, as to walk the street ;
And at the summons of each tiny Drab,
Cry, *Damne ! Satisfaction !* draw, and stab.

Not so of old, the mild good *Socrates*,
(Who shew'd how high without the help of Grace,
Well-cultivated Nature might be wrought)
He a more noble way of suffering taught,
And, tho the Guiltless drank the poisonous Dose,
Ne'er wish'd a drop to his accusing Foes.
Not so our great good *Martyr'd King* of late
(Could we his bless'd Example imitate)

Who, tho the great'st of mortal sufferers,
Yet kind to his rebellious Murderers,
Forgave, and blest'd them with his dying Pray'rs.

Thus, we by sound Divinity, and Sense
May purge our minds, and weed all Errors thence :
These lead us into right, nor shall we need
Other than them thro Life to be our Guide.
Revenge is but a Frailty, incident
To craz'd, and sickly minds, the poor Content
Of little Souls, unable to surmount
An Injury, too weak to bear Affront :
And this you may infer, because we find,
'Tis most in poor unthinking Woman-kind,
Who wreak their feeble spite on all they can,
And are more kin to Brute than braver Man.

But why should you imagin, Sir, that those
Escape unpunish'd, who still feel the Throes
And Pangs of a rack'd Soul, and (which is worse
Than all the Pains, which can the Body curse)
The secret gnawings of unseen Remorse ?

Believe't, they suffer greater Punishment
Than *Rome's* Inquisitor's could e're invent :
Nor all the Tortures, Racks, and Cruelties,
Which ancient Persecutors could devise,
Nor all, that *Fox* his Bloody Records tell,
Can match what *Bradshaw*, and *Ravilliac* feel,
Who in their Breasts carry about their Hell.

I've read this story, but I know not where,
Whether in *Hackwel*, or *Beard's* Theatre :
A certain Spartan, whom a Friend, like you,
Had trusted with a Hundred pound or two.
Went to the Oracle to know if he
With safety might the Sum in trust deny.
'Twas answer'd, No, that if he durst forswear,
He should e're long for's knavery pay dear :
Hence Fear, not Honesty, made him refund ;
Tet to his cost the Sentence true he found :
Himself, his Children, all his Family,
Ev'n the remotest of his whole Pedegree,
Perish'd (as there 'tis told) in misery.

Now to apply : if such be the sad end
Of Perjury, tho but in Thought design'd,
Think, Sir, what Fate awaits your treach'rous
Friend,

Who has not only thought, but done to you
All this, and more ; think, what he suffers now,
And think, what every Villain suffers else,
That dares, like him, be faithless, base, and false.

Pale Horror, ghastly Fear, and black Despair
Pursue his steps, and dog him where'soe're
He goes, and if from his loath'd self he fly,
To herd, like wounded Deer, in company,
These strait creep in and pall his mirth, and joy.
The choicest Dainties, ev'n by *Lumly* drest,
Afford no Relish to his sickly Taste,
Insipid all, as *Damocles* his Feast.
Ev'n Wine, the greatest Blessing of Mankind,
The best support of the dejected mind,
Applied to his dull spirits, warms no more
Than to his Corps it could past Life restore.

Darkness he fears, nor dares he trust his Bed
Without a Candle watching by his side :
And, if the wakeful Troubles of his Breast
To his toss'd Limbs allow one moments Rest,
Straitways the groans of Ghosts , and hideous
Screams
Of tortur'd Spirits haunts his frightful Dreams :
Strait there return to his tormented mind
His perjur'd Act, his injur'd God, and Friend :
Strait he imagins you before his Eyes,
Ghastly of shape, prodigious of size,
With glaring Eyes, cleft Foot, and monstrous Tail,
And bigger than the Giants at *Guild-hall*,
Stalking with horrid strides across the Room,
And guards of Fiends to drag him to his Doom :
Hereat he falls in dreadful Agonies,
And dead cold Sweats his trembling Members
seize :
Then starting wakes, and with a dismal cry,
Calls to his aid his frightened Family ;

There owns the Crime, and vows upon his knees
The sacred Pledg next morning to release.

These are the men , whom the least Terrors
daunt,

Who at the sight of their own shadows faint ;
These, if it chance to Lighten, are agast,
And quake for fear, lest every Flash should blast :
These swoon away at the first Thunder-clap,
As if 'twere not, what usually does hap,
The casual cracking of a Cloud, but sent
By angry Heaven for their Punishment :
And, if unhurt they scape the Tempest now,
Still dread the greater Vengeance to ensue :
These the least Symptoms of a Fever fright,
Water high-colour'd, want of rest at night,
Or a disorder'd Pulse strait makes them shrink,
And presently for fear they're ready sink
Into their Graves : their time (think they) is come,
And Heav'n in judgment now has sent their Doom.

Nor dare they, tho in whisper, waft a Prayer,
Lest it by chance should reach th' Almighty's ear,
And wake his sleeping Vengeance, which before
So long has their impieties forbore.

These are the thoughts which guilty wretches
haunt,

Yet enter'd, they still grow more impudent :
After a Crime perhaps they now and then
Feel pangs and strugglings of Remorse within,
But strait return to their old course agen :

They, who have once thrown Shame, and Conscience by,

Ne'er after make a stop in Villany :
Hurried along, down the vast steep they go,
And find, 'tis all a Precipice below.

Ev'n this perfidious Friend of yours, no doubt
Will not with single wickedness give out ;
Have patience but a while, you'll shortly see
His hand held up at Bar for Felony :

You'l

You'll see the sentenc'd wretch for Punishment
To *Scilly* Isles, or the *Caribbes* sent :
Or (if I may his surer Fate divine)
Hung like *Beroski*, for a Gibbet-Sign :
Then may you glut Revenge, and feast your Eyes
With the dear object of his Miseries :
And then at length convinc'd, with joy you'll find
That the just God is neither deaf, nor blind.

THE

DAVID'S LAMENTATION

For the DEATH of
SAUL and *JONATHAN*,
PARAPHRAS'd.

Written in *September, 1677.*

O D E.

I.

AH wretched *Israel*! once a blest'd, and happy State,
The Darling of the Stars, and Heavens Care,
Then all the bord'ring world thy Vassals were,
And thou at once their Envy and their Fear,
How soon art thou (alas!) by the sad turn of Fate

E

Become

Become abandon'd and forlorn ?

How art thou now become their Pity , and their
scorn ?

Thy Lustre all is vanish'd, all thy Glory fled,

Thy Sun himself set in a blood red,

Too sure Prognostick ! which does ill portend

Approaching Storms on thy unhappy Land,

Left naked, and defenceless now to each invading
Hand.

A fatal Battel, lately fought,

Has all these Mis'ries, and Misfortunes brought,

Has thy quick Ruin, and Destruction wrought :

There fell we by a mighty Overthrow

A Prey to an enrag'd, relentless Foe,

The toil and labour of their wearied Cruelty,

Till they no more could kill, and we no longer die :

Vast slaughter all around th' enlarged Mountain
swells,

And numerous Deaths increase its former Hills.

II.

In *Gath* let not the mournful News be known,
 Nor publish'd in the streets of *Askalon*;
 May Fame it self be quite struck dumb!
 Oh may it never to *Philistia* come,
 Nor any live to bear the cursed Tidings home!
 Lest the proud Enemies new Trophies raise,
 And loudly triumph in our fresh Disgrace:
 No captive *Israelite* their pompous Joy adorn,
 Nor in sad Bondage his lost Country mourn:
 No Spoils of ours be in their Temples hung,
 No Hymns to *Ashdod's* Idol sung,
 Nor thankful Sacrifice on his glad Altars burn.
 Kind Heav'n forbid! lest the base Heathen Slaves
 blaspheme
 Thy sacred and unutterable Name,
 And above thine extol their *Dagon's* Fame.
 Lest the vile *Fish's* Worship spread abroad,
 Who sell a prostrate Victim once before our con-
 qu'ring God:

And you, who the great Deeds of Kings and
Kingdoms write,

Who all their Actions to succeeding Age transmit,

Conceal the blushing Story, ah! conceal

Our Nations loss, and our dread Monarch's
fall:

Conceal the Journal of this bloody Day,

When both by the ill Play of Fate were thrown
away:

Nor let our wretched Infamy, and Fortune's
Crime

Be ever mention'd in the Registers of future Time.

III.

For ever, *Gilboa*, be curst thy hated Name,

Th' eternal Monument of our Disgrace, and Shame!

For ever curst be that unhappy Scene,

Where Slaughter, Blood, and Death did lately
reign!

No Clouds henceforth above thy barren top ap-
pear,

But what may make thee mourning wear:

Let

Let them ne're shake their dewy Fleeces there,
But only once a year

On the sad Anniverse drop a remembring Tear:

No Flocks of Off'rings on thy Hills be known,
Which may by Sacrifice our Guilt and thine atone:
No Sheep, nor any of the gentler kind hereafter
stay

On thee, but Bears, and Wolves, and Beasts of
prey,

Or men more savage, wild, and fierce than they;
A Desert may'st thou prove, and lonely wast,
Like that, our sinful, stubborn Fathers past,

Where they the Penance trod for all, they there
transgress:

Too dearly wast thou drench'd with precious
Blood

Of many a *Jewish* Worthy, spilt of late,
Who suffer'd there by an ignoble Fate,

And purchas'd foul Dishonour at too high a rate:

Great *Saul's* ran there amongst the common
Flood,

His Royal self mixt with the baser Crowd:

He, whom Heav'n's high and open suffrage chose,
 The Bulwark of our Nation to oppose
 The Pow'r and Malice of our Foes ;
 Ev'n He, on whom the Sacred Oyl was shed,
 Whose mystick drops enlarg'd his hallow'd Head,
 Lies now (oh Fate, impartial still to Kings!)
 Huddled, and undistinguish'd in the heap of mean-
 er things.

IV.

Lo ! there the mighty Warriour lyes,
 With all his Lawrels, all his Victories,
 To ravenous Fowls, or worse, to his proud Foes, a
 Prize:
 How chang'd from that great *Saul* ! whose ge-
 nerous Aid,
 A conqu'ring Army to distressed *Jabesh* led,
 At whose approach *Ammon*'s proud Tyrant fled :
 How chang'd from that great *Saul* ! whom we
 saw bring
 From vanquish'd *Amalek* their captive Spoils, and
 King ;

When

When unbid Pity made him *Agag* spare ;
Ah Pity ! more can Cruelty found guilty there :
Oft has he made these conquer'd Enemies bow,
By whom himself lies conquer'd now :
At *Micmasb* his great Might they felt, and knew,
The same they felt at *Dammim* too :
Well I remember, when from *Helah's* Plain
He came in triumph, met by a numerous Crowd,
Who with glad shouts proclaim'd their Joy
aloud ;
A Dance of beauteous Virgins led the solemn Train,
And sung, and prais'd the man *that had his Thou-*
sands slain.
Seir, Moab, Zobab felt him, and where e're
He did his glorious Standards bear,
Officious Vict'ry follow'd in the rere :
Success attended still his brandish'd Sword,
And , like the Grave , the gluttonous Blade de-
vour'd :
Slaughter upon its point in triumph fate,
And scatter'd Death, as quick, and wide as Fate.

V.

Nor less in high Repute, and Worth was his great
Son,

Sole Heir of all his Valour, and Renown,

Heir too (if cruel Fate had suffer'd) of his Throne:

The matchless *Jonathan* 'twas, whom loud-
tongu'd Fame

Amongst her chiefest Heroes joys to name,

E're since the wond'rous Deeds at *Senah* done,

Where he, himself an Host, o'recame a War alone:

The trembling Enemies fled, they try'd to fly,

But fixt amazement stopt, and made them die.

Great Archer He! to whom our dreaded skill we
owe,

Dreaded by all, who *Israel's* warlike Prowess know;

As many Shafts, as his full Quiver held,

So many Fates he drew, so many kill'd:

Quick, and unerring they, as darted Eye-beams,
flew,

As if he gave 'em sight, and swiftness too:

Death took her Aim from his, and by't her Arrows
threw.

VI. Both

VI.

Both excellent they were, both equally alli'd

On Nature, and on Valour's side :

Great *Saul*, who scorn'd a Rival in Renown,

Yet envied not the Fame of's greater Son,

By him endur'd to be surpass'd alone :

He gallant Prince, did his whole Father shew,

And fast, as he could set, the well-writ Copies drew,

And blush'd, that Duty bid him not out-go :

Together they did both the paths to Glory trace,

Together hunted in the noble Chace,

Together finish'd their united Race :

There only did they prove unfortunate,

Never till then unblest'd by Fate,

Yet there they ceas'd not to be great ;

Fearless they met, and brav'd their threaten'd
fall,

And fought when Heav'n revolted, Fortune durst
rebel.

When

When publick safety, and their Countries care
Requir'd their Aid, and call'd them to the toils of
War;

As Parent-Eagles, summon'd by their Infants cries
Whom some rude hands would make a
Prize,

Hast to Relief, and with their wings out-fly their
eyes;

So swift did they their speedy succour bear,
So swift the bold Aggressors seize,
So swift attack, so swift pursue the vanquish'd ene-
mies:

The vanquish'd enemies with all the wings of
Fear

Mov'd not so quick as they,
Scarce could their souls fly fast enough
away.

Bolder than Lions, they thick Dangers met,
Thro Fields with armed Troops, and pointed Har-
vests set,

Nothing could tame their Rage, or quench their
generous Heat:

Like those, they march'd undaunted, and like
those,

Secure of Wounds, and all that durst oppose,
So to Resistors fierce, so gentle to their prostrate
Foes.

VII.

Mourn, wretched *Israel*, mourn thy Monarch's
fall,

And all thy plenteous stock of sorrow call,

T'attend his pompous Funeral:

Mourn each, who in this loss an int'rest shares,

Lavish your Grief, exhaust it all in Tears :

You *Hebrew* Virgins too,

Who once in lofty strains did his glad Triumphs
sing,

Bring all your artful Notes, and skilful Measures
now,

Each charming air of Breath, and string,

Bring all to grace the Obsequies of your dead
King,

And high, as then your Joy, let now your Sorrow
flow.

Saul,

Saul, your great *Saul* is dead,

Who you with Natures choicest Dainties fed,

Who you with Natures gayest Wardrobe clad,

By whom you all her Pride, and all her Pleasures
had:

For you the precious Worm his Bowels spun,

For you the *Tyrian* Fish did Purple run,

For you the blest *Arabia's* Spices grew,

And *Eastern* Quarries harden'd Pearly dew;

The Sun himself turn'd Labourer for you:

For you he hatch'd his golden Births alone,

Wherewith you were array'd, whereby you him
out-shone,

All this and more you did to *Saul's* great Conduct
owe,

All this you lost in his unhappy overthrow.

VIII.

Oh Death! how vast an Harvest hast thou reap'd
of late!

Never before hadst thou so great,

Ne'er drunk't before so deep of *Jewish* Blood,
Ne'er since th' embattled Hosts at *Gibeab* stood;
When three whole days took up the work of
Fate,

When a large Tribe enter'd at once thy Bill,
And threescore thousand Victims to thy Fury fell.

Upon the fatal Mountains Head,

Lo ! how the mighty Chiefs lie dead :

There my beloved *Jonathan* was slain,

The best of Princes, and the best of Men ;

Cold Death hangs on his Cheeks like an untimely
Frost

On early Fruit, there sits, and smiles a fullen Boast,
And yet looks pale at the great Captive , she has
ta'en.

My *Jonathan* is dead (oh dreadful word of Fame!

Oh grief! that I can speak't, and not become the
same !)

He's dead, and with him all our blooming Hopes
are gone,

And many a wonder, which he must have done,

And many a Conquest which he must have won,

They're

They're all to the dark Grave, and Silence fled
And never now in story shall be read,
And never now shall take their date,
Snatch'd hence by the preventing hand of envious
Fate.

IX.

Ah worthy Prince! would I for thee had dyed!
Ah, would I had thy fatal place supplied!
I'd then repaid a Life, which to thy gift I owe,
Repaid a Crown, which Friendship taught thee to
forgo;

Both Debts, I ne'er can cancel now:
Oh, dearer than my Soul! if I can call it mine,
For sure we had the same, 'twas very thine,
Dearer than Light, or Life, or Fame,
Or Crowns, or any thing, that I can wish, or think,
or name:

Brother thou wast, but wast my Friend before,
And that new Title then could add no more:

Mine more than Blood, Alliance, Natures self could
make,

Than I, or Fame it self can speak :

Not yearning Mothers, when first Throes they
feel

To their young Babes in looks a softer Passion tell :

Not artless undissembling Maids express

In their last dying sighs such Tenderneſs :

Not thy fair Siſter, whom ſtrict Duty bids me wear

First in my Breſt, whom holy Vows make mine,

Tho all the Virtues of a loyal Wiſe ſhe bear,

Could boaſt an Union ſo near,

Could boaſt a Love ſo firm, ſo laſting, ſo Divine.

So pure is that which we in Angels find

To Mortals here, in Heav'n to their own kind :

So pure, but not more great muſt that bleſt Friend-
ſhip prove

(Could, ah, could I to that wiſht Place, and Thee
remove)

Which ſhall for ever joyn our mingled Souls above.

X.

Ah wretched *Israel* ! ah unhappy state !
Expos'd to all the Bolts of angry Fate !
Expos'd to all thy Enemies revengeful hate !
Who is there left their Fury to withstand ?
What Champions now to guard thy helpless
Land ?
Who is there left in list'd Fields to head
Thy valiant Youth, and lead them on to Victory :
Alas ! thy valiant Youth are dead,
And all thy brave Commanders too :
Lo ! how the Glut, and Riot of the Grave thus lie,
And none survive the fatal Overthrow,
To right their injur'd Ghosts upon the barbarous
Foe !
Rest, ye bless'd shades, in everlasting Peace,
Who fell your Country's bloody Sacrifice :
For ever Sacred be your Memories,
And may e're long some dread Avenger rise
To wipe off Heav'ns and your Disgrace :

May then these proud insulting Foes
Wash off our stains of Honor with their Blood,
May they ten thousand-fold repay our loss.
For every Life a Myriad, every Drop a Flood.

F THE

THE
O D E
O F
Aristotle in Athenæus,
PARAPHRAS'D.

I.

Honour! thou greatest Blessing in the gift of
Heaven,

Which only art to its chief Darlings given:

Cheaply with Blood and Dangers art thou
fought,

Nor canst at any rate be over-bought.

Thou, shining Honor, art the noblest chase
Of all the braver part of Human Race:

Thou

Thou only art worth living for below,
And only worth our dying too.

For thee, bright Goddess, for thy charming sake,
Does *Greece* such wond'rous Actions undertake:
For thee no Toils, nor Hardships she forgoes,
And Death amidst ten thousand ghastly Terrors
WOOLS.

So powerfully do'st thou the mind inspire,
And kindest there so generous a fire,
As makes thy zealous Votaries
All things, but Thee despise;
Makes them the love of Thee prefer
Before th' enchantments of bewitching Gold,
Before th' embraces of a Parent's arms,
Before soft ease, and Love's enticing Charms,
And all, that Men on Earth most valuable hold.

II.

For Thee the Heav'n-born *Hercules*
And *Leda's* faithful Twins, in Birth no less,

So many mighty Labours underwent,
And by their God-like Deeds proclaim'd their high
Descent.

By thee they reach'd the blest Abode,
The worthy Prize, for which in Glory's paths they
trod.

By thee great *Ajax*, and the greater Son
Of *Peleus* were exalted to Renown:
Envied by the Immortals did they go,
Laden with triumph to the shades below.

For thee, and thy dear sake
Did the young *Hermias* worthy of *Atarna* lately
flake

His Life in Battel to the chance of Fate,
And bravely lost, what he so boldly set:

Yet lost he not his glorious aim,
But by short Death purchas'd eternal Fame:
The grateful Muses shall embalm his Memory,
And never let it die:

They shall his great Exploits rehearse,
And consecrate the Hero in immortal Verse.

Upon

Upon the WORKS of
BEN. JOHNSON.

Written in 1678.

O D E.

I.

Great Thou! whom 'tis a Crime almost to
 dare to praise,

Whose firm establish'd, and unshaken Glories stand,

And proudly their own Fame command,

Above our pow'r to lessen or to raise,

And all, but the few Heirs of thy brave Genius,
 and thy Bays;

Hail mighty Founder of our Stage! for so I dare

Entitle thee, nor any modern Censures fear,

Nor care what thy unjust Detractors say ;
They'l say perhaps, that others did Materials bring,
That others did the first Foundations lay,
And glorious 'twas (we grant) but to begin,
But thou alone couldst finish the design,
All the fair Model, and the Workmanship was thine :
Some bold Advent'urers might have been before,
Who durst the unknown world explore,
By them it was survey'd at distant view,
And here and there a Cape, and Line they drew,
Which only serv'd as hints, and marks to thee,
Who wast reserv'd to make the full Discovery :
Art's Compass to thy painful search we owe,
Whereby thou went'st so far, and we may after go,
By that we may Wit's vast, and trackless Ocean try,
Content no longer, as before,
Dully to coast along the shore,
But steer a course more unconfin'd, and free,
Beyond the narrow bounds, that pent Antiquity,

II.

Never till thee the Theater possest
A Prince with equal Pow'r, and Greatness blest,
No Government, or Laws it had
To strengthen, and establish it,
Till thy great hand the Scepter sway'd,
But groan'd under a wretched Anarchy of Wit:
Uniform'd, and void was then its Poetic,
Only some pre-existing Matter we
Perhaps could see,
That might foretell what was to be;
A rude, and undigested Lump it lay,
Like the old *Chaos*, e're the birth of Light, and Day,
Till thy brave Genius like a new Creator came,
And undertook the mighty Frame;
No shuffled Atoms did the well-built work compose,
If from no lucky hit of blund'ring Chance arose
(As some of this great Fabrick idly dream)

But wise, all-seeing Judgment did contrive,
 And knowing Art its Graces give:
 No sooner did thy Soul with active Force and Fire
 The dull and heavy Mass inspire,
 But strait throughout it let us see
 Proportion, Order, Harmony,
 And every part did to the whole agree,
 And strait appear'd a beauteous new-made world of
 Poetry.

III.

Let dull, and ignorant Pretenders Art condemn
 (Those only Foes to Art, and Art to them)
 The meer Fanaticks, and Enthusiasts in Poetry
 (For Schismatics in that, as in Religion be)
 Who make't all Revelation, Trance, and Dream,
 Let them despise her Laws, and think
 That Rules and Forms the Spirit stint:
 Thine was no mad, unruly Frenzy of the brain,
 Which justly might deserve the Chain,

'Twas

'Twas brisk, and mettled, but a manag'd Rage,
Sprightly as vig'rous Youth, and cool as temp'rate
Age:

Free, like thy Will, it did all Force disdain,
But suffer'd Reason's loose, and easie rein,
By that it suffer'd to be led,

Which did not curb Poetick liberty, but guide:

Fancy, that wild and haggard Faculty,
Untam'd in most, and let at random fly,
Was wisely govern'd, and reclaim'd by thee,
Restraint, and Discipline was made endure,
And by thy calm, and milder Judgment brought to
lure;

Yet when 'twas at some nobler Quarry sent,
With bold, and tow'ring wings it upward went,
Not lessen'd at the greatest height,
Not turn'd by the most giddy flights of dazling
Wit.

IV.

Nature, and Art together met, and joyn'd,
Made up the Character of thy great Mind.

That like a bright and glorious Sphere,
Appear'd with numerous Stars embellish'd o're,
And much of Light to thee, and much of Influence
bore,

This was the strong Intelligence, whose pow'r
Turn'd it about, and did th' unerring motions steer :

Concurring both like vital Seed, and Heat,
The noble Births they joyntly did beget,

And hard 'twas to be thought,
Which most of force to the great Generation
brought :

So mingling Elements compose our Bodies frame,

Fire, Water, Earth, and Air

Alike their just Proportions share,

Each undistinguish'd still remains the same,

Yet can't we say that either's here, or there,

But all, we know not how, are scatter'd every where.

V. Sober

V.

Sober, and grave was still the Garb thy Muse put on,
No tawdry careless flattern Dress,
Nor starch'd, and formal with Affectèdness,
Nor the cast Mode, and Fashion of the Court, and
Town;
But neat, agreeable, and janty 'twas,
Well-fitted, it sat close in every place,
And all became with an uncommon Air, and Grace:
Rich, costly and substantial was the stuff,
Not barely smooth, nor yet too coarsly rough:
No refuse, ill-patch'd Shreds o'th Schools,
The motly wear of read, and learned Fools,
No *French* Commodity which now so much does
take,
And our own better Manufacture spoil,
Nor was it ought of forein Soil;
But Staple all, and all of *English* Growth, and
Make:

What

What Flow'rs soe're of Art it had, were found
No tinsel'd slight Embroideries,
But all appear'd either the native Ground,
Or twisted, wrought, and interwoven with the
Piece.

VI.

Plain Humor, shewn with her whole various
Face,
Not mask'd with any antick Drefs,
Nor screw'd in forc'd, ridiculous Grimace
(The gaping Rabbles dull delight,
And more the Actor's than the Poet's Wit)
Such did she enter on thy Stage,
And such was represented to the wond'ring Age:
Well wast thou skill'd, and read in human kind,
In every wild fantastick Passion of his mind,
Didst into all his hidden Inclinations dive,
What each from Nature does receive,
Or Age, or Sex, or Quality, or Country give;

What

What Custom too, that mighty Sorcerers,
Whose pow'rful Witchcraft does transform
Enchanted Man to several monstrous Images,
Makes this an odd, and freakish Monky turn,
And that a grave and solemn Afs appear,
And all a thousand beastly shapes of Folly wear :
Whate're Caprice or Whimsie leads awry
Perverted, and seduc'd Mortality,
Or does incline, and byass it
From what's Discreet, and Wise, and Right, and
Good, and Fit ;
All in thy faithful Glafs were so exprefs'd,
As if they were Reflections of thy Breast,
As if they had been stamp'd on thy own mind,
And thou the universal vast Idea of Mankind.

VII.

Never didst thou with the same Dish repeated cloy,
Tho every Dish, well-cook'd by thee,
Contain'd a plentiful Variety
To all that could sound relishing Palats be,

Each Regale with new Delicacies did invite,
 Courted the Taſt, and rais'd the Appetite:
Whate're freſh dainty Fops in ſeaſon were
To garniſh, and ſet out thy Bill of fare
(Thoſe never found to fail throughout the year,
For ſeldom that ill-natur'd Planet rules,
That plagues a Poet with a dearth of Fools)
What thy ſtrict Obſervation e're ſurvey'd,
From the fine, luſcious Spark of high, and courtly
 Breed,
 Down to the dull, inſipid Cit,
 Made thy pleas'd Audience entertainment fit,
Serv'd up with all the grateful Poignancies of Wit.

VIII.

Moſt Plays are writ like Almanacks of late,
And ſerve one only year, one only State;
Another makes them uſeleſs, ſtale, and out of date;
But thine were wiſely calculated fit
For each Meridian, every Clime of Wit,

For all succeeding Time, and after-age,
And all Mankind might thy vast Audience sit,
And the whole world be justly made thy Stage:
Still they shall taking be, and ever new,
Still keep in vogue in spite of all the damning Crew;
Till the last Scene of this great Theatre,
Clos'd, and shut down,
The numerous Actors all retire,
And the grand Play of human Life be done.

IX.

Beshrew those envious Tongues, who seek to blast
thy Bays,
Who Spots in thy bright Fame would find, or
raise,
And say, it only shines with borrow'd Rays;
Rich in thy self, to whose unbounded store
Exhausted Nature could vouchsafe no more,
Thou could'st alone the Empire of the Stage main-
tain,
Couldst all its Grandeur, and its Port sustain,

Nor

80 *Upon the Works of Ben. Johnson.*

Nor neededst others Subsidies to pay,
Neededst no Tax on forein, or thy native Country
lay,

To bear the charges of thy purchas'd Fame,
But thy own Stock could raise the same,

Thy sole Revenue all the vast Expence defray :

Yet like some mighty Conqueror in Poetry,

Design'd by Fate of choice to be
Founder of its new universal Monarchy,

Boldly thou didst the learned World invade,

Whilst all around thy pow'rful Genius sway'd,

Soon vanquish'd *Rome*, and *Greece* were made
submit,

Both were thy humble Tributaries made,

And thou return'dst in Triumph with her captive
Wit.

X.

Unjust, and more ill-natur'd those,

Thy spiteful, and malicious Foes,

Who on thy happiest Talent fix a lye,

And call that Slowness, which was Care, and Indu-
stry.

Let

Let me (with Pride so to be guilty thought)
Share all thy wish'd Reproach, and share thy
shame,

If Diligence be deem'd a fault,
If to be faultless must deserve their Blame:
Judg of thy self alone (for none there were,
Could be so just, or could be so severe)

Thou thy own Works didst strictly try
By known and uncontested Rules of Poetry.
And gav'st thy Sentence still impartially:
With rigor thou arraign'dst each guilty Line,
And spar'dst no criminal Sense, because 'twas
thine:

Unbrib'd with Favour, Love, or Self-conceit,
(For never, or too seldom we,
Objects too near us, our own Blemishes can see)
Thou didst no small'st Delinquencies acquit,
But saw'st them to Correction all submit,
Saw'st execution done on all convicted Crimes of
Wit:

XI.

Some curious Painter, taught by Art to dare
(For they with Poets in that Title share)
When he would undertake a glorious Frame
Of lasting Worth, and fadeless as his Fame;
Long he contrives, and weighs the bold Design,
Long holds his doubting hand e're he begin,
And justly then proportions every stroke, and line,
And oft he brings it to review,
And oft he does deface, and dashes oft anew,
And mixes Oyls to make the flitting Colours dure,
To keep 'em from the tarnish of injurious Time
secure;
Finish'd at length in all that Care, and Skill can do
The matchless Piece is set to publick View,
And all surpriz'd about it wond'ring stand,
And tho no name be found below,
Yet strait discern th' unimitable hand,
And strait they cry 'tis *Titian*, or 'tis *Angelo* :

So thy brave Soul, that scorn'd all cheap, and easie
ways,

And trod no common road to Praise,
Would not with rash, and speedy Negligence proceed,

(For who e're saw Perfection grow in haste?
Or that soon done, which must for ever last?)

But gently did advance with wary heed,
And shew'd that mastery is most in justness read:
Nought ever issued from thy seeming Breast,
But what had gone full time, could write exactly
best,

And stand the sharpest Censure, and defie the ri-
gid'st Test.

XII.

'Twas thus th' Almighty Poet (if we dare
Our weak, and meaner Acts with his compare)
When he the Worlds fair Poem did of old design,
That Work, which now must boast no longer date
than thine;

Tho 'twas in him alike to will, and do,

Tho the same Word that spoke, could make it
too,

Yet would he not such quick, and hasty methods
use,

Nor did an instant (which it might) the great effect
produce,

But when th' All-wise himself in Council sat,

Vouchsaf'd to think and be deliberate,

When Heaven consider'd, and th' Eternal Wit, and
Sense,

Seem'd to take time, and care, and pains,

It shew'd that some uncommon Birth,

That something worthy of a God was coming forth;

Nought uncorrect there was, nought faulty
there,

No point amiss did in the large voluminous Piece
appear,

And when the glorious Author all survey'd,

Survey'd whate're his mighty Labours made,

Well-pleas'd he was to find

All answer'd the great Model, and Idea of his Mind

Pleas'd

Pleas'd at himself He in high wonder stood,
And much his Power, and much his Wisdom did
applaud,
To see how all was Perfect, all transcendent Good.

XIII.

Let meaner spirits stoop to low precarious Fame,
Content on gross and coarse Applause to live,
And what the dull, and senseless Rabble give,
Thou didst it still with noble scorn contemn,
Nor would'st that wretched Alms receive,
The poor subsistence of some bankrupt, sordid
name :
Thine was no empty Vapor, rais'd beneath,
And form'd of common Breath,
The false, and foolish Fire, that's whisk'd about
By popular Air, and glares a while, and then goes
out ;
But 'twas a solid, whole, and perfect Globe of light,
That shone all over, was all over bright,
And dar'd all sullyng Clouds, and fear'd no dark-
ning night ;

Like the gay Monarch of the Stars and Sky,

Who wheresoe're he does display
His sovereign Lustre, and majestick Ray,
Strait all the less, and petty Glories nigh
Vanish, and shrink away.

O'rewhelm'd, and swallow'd by the greater blaze
of Day ;

With such a strong, an awful and victorious Beam
Appear'd, and ever shall appear, thy Fame,
View'd, and ador'd by all th' undoubted Race of
Wit,

Who only can endure to look on it.

The rest o'recame with too much light,
With too much brightness dazled, or extinguish'd
quite :

Restless, and uncontroul'd it now shall pass
As wide a course about the World as he,
And when his long-repeated Travels cease
Begin a new, and vaster Race,

And still tread round the endless Circle of Eternity.

THE NINTH
O D E
Of the Third Book of
H O R A C E,
I M I T A T E D.

A Dialogue betwixt the Poet and *Lydia*.

Donec gratus eram tibi, &c.

I.

Hor. **W**Hile you for me alone had
Charms,

And none more welcome fill'd your Arms,
Proud with content, I slighted Crowns,
And pitied Monarchs on their Thrones.

II.

Lyd. While you thought *Lydia* only fair,
And lov'd no other Nymph but her,
Lydia was happier in your Love,
Than the blest'd Virgins are above.

III.

Her. Now *Chloes* charming Voice, and Art
Have gain'd the conquest of my Heart :
For whom, ye Fates, I'd wish to die,
If mine the Nymphs dear Life might buy,

IV.

Lyd. *Thyrfis* by me has done the same,
The Youth burns me with mutual Flame ;
For whom a double Death I'd bear ;
Would Fate my dearest *Thyrfis* spare.

V.

Her. But say, fair Nymph, if I once more
Become your Captive as before?
Say, I throw off my *Chloes* chain,
And take you to my Breast again?

VI.

Lyd. Why then, tho he more bright appear,
More constant than a fixed Star;
Tho you than Wind more fickle be,
And rougher than the stormy Sea.
By Heav'n, and all its Pow'rs I vow
I'd gladly live, and die with you.

UPON A
LADY,

*Who by overturning of a Coach, had
her Coats behind flung up, and what
was under shewn to the View of the
Company.*

Out of Voiture.

I.

P*Hillis, 'tis own'd, I am your Slave,
This happy moment dates your Reign;
No force of Human Pow'r can save
My captive Heart, that wears your chain:*

But

But when my Conquest you design'd ;
Pardon, bright Nymph, if I declare,
It was unjust, and too severe,
Thus to attack me from behind.

II.

Against the Charms, your Eyes impart,
With care I had secur'd my Heart ;
On all the wonders of your Face
Could safely, and unwounded gaze :
But now entirely to enthrall
My Breast, you have expos'd to view
Another more resistless Foe,
From which I had no guard at all.

III.

At first assault constrain'd to yield,
My vanquish'd Heart resign'd the Field ,
My Freedom to the Conqueror
Became a prey that very hour :

The subtle Traitor, who unspied
Had lurk'd till now in close disguise,
Lay all his life in ambush hid
At last to kill me by surprize.

IV.

A sudden Heat my Breast inspir'd,
The piercing Flame, like Light'ning, sent
From that new dawning Firmament
Thro every Vein my Spirits fir'd;
My Heart, before averse to Love,
No longer could a Rebel prove;
When on the Grass you did display
Your radiant B U M to my survey,
And sham'd the Lustre of the Day.

V.

The Sun in Heav'n, abash'd to see
A thing more gay, more bright than He,
Struck with disgrace, as well he might,
Thought to drive back the Steeds of Light:

His Beams he now thought uselefs grown,
That better were by yours supplied,
But having once seen your Back-side,
For shame he durst not shew his own.

VI.

Forfaking every Wood, and Grove,
The *Sylvans* ravish'd at the sight,
In pressing Crowds about you strove,
Gazing, and lost in wonder quite :
Fond *Zephyr* seeing your rich Rore
Of Beauty, undescried before,
Enamor'd of each lovely Grace,
Before his own dear *Flora's* face,
Could not forbear to kiss the place.

VII.

The beauteous Queen of Flow'rs, the Rose,
In blushes did her shame disclose :
Pale Lillies droop'd, and hung their heads,
And shrunk for fear into their Beds:

The amorous *Narcissus* too,
Reclaim'd of fond self-love by you,
His former vain desire cashier'd,
And your fair Breech alone admir'd.

VIII.

When this bright Object greets our sight,
All others lose their Lustre quite :
Your Eyes that shoot such pointed Rays,
And all the Beauties of your Face,
Like dwindling Stars, that fly away
At the approach of brighter Day,
No more regard, or value bear,
But when its Glories disappear.

IX.

Of some ill Qualities they tell,
Which justly give me cause to fear ;
But that, which most begets despair,
It has no sense of Love at all :

More hard than Adamant it is,
They say, that no Impression takes,
It has no Ears, nor any Eyes,
And rarely, very rarely speaks.


X.

Yet I must lov't, and own my Flame,
Which to the world I thus rehearse,
Throughout the spacious coasts of Fame
To stand recorded in my Verse:
No other subject, or design
Henceforth shall be my Muses Theme,
But with just Praises to proclaim
The fairest ARSE, that e're was seen.

XI.

In pity gentle *Phillis* hide
The dazzling Beams of your Back-side;
For should they shine unclouded long,
All human kind would be undone.

Not the bright Goddesses on high,
That reign above the starry Sky,
Should they turn up to open view
All their immortal Tails, can shew
An *Arse-b*——so divine as you.



CATUL

CATULLUS
EPIGR. VII.
IMITATED.

Quæris quæ tibi Satiations, &c.

NA Y, *Lesbia*, never ask me this,
How many Kisses will suffice?
Faith, 'tis a question hard to tell,
Exceeding hard; for you as well
May ask what sums of Gold suffice
The greedy Miser's boundless Wish:
Think what drops the Ocean store,
With all the Sands, that make its Shore:
Think what Spangles deck the Skies,
When Heaven looks with all its Eyes:

Or think how many Atoms came
To compose this mighty Frame :
Let all these the Counters be,
To tell how oft I'm kiss'd by thee :
Till no malicious Spy can guess
To what vast height the Scores arise ;
Till weak Arithmetick grow scant,
And numbers for the reck'ning want :
All these will hardly be enough
For me stark staring mad with Love.

SOME

SOME
ELEGIES
 OUT OF
OVID'S Amours,
 IMITATED.

BOOK II. ELEGY IV.

That he loves Women of all sorts and sizes.

Non ego mendosos ausim defendere mores, &c.

NOT I, I never vainly durst pretend
 My Follies, and my Frailties to defend :
 I own my Faults, if it avail to own,
 While like a graceless wretch I still go on :

H 2

I have

I hate my self, but yet in spite of Fate
Am fain to be that loathed thing I hate :
In vain I would shake off this load of Love,
Too hard to bear, yet harder to remove :
I want the strength my fierce Desires to stem,
Hurried away by the impetuous stream.
'Tis not one Face alone subdues my Heart,
But each wears Charms, and every Eye a Dart :
And whereſoe'er I caſt my Looks abroad,
In every place I find Temptations ſlow'd.
The modeſt kills me with her down-caſt Eyes,
And Love his ambuſh lays in that diſguiſe.
The Brisk allures me with her gaitie,
And ſhews how Active ſhe in Bed will be :
If Coy, like cloyſter'd Virgins, ſhe appears,
She but diſſembles, what ſhe moſt deſires :
If ſhe be vers'd in Arts, and deeply read,
I long to get a Learned Maidenhead :
Or if Untaught, and Ignorant ſhe be,
She takes me then with her ſimplicity :

One likes my Verses, and commends each Line,
 And swears that *Cowley's* are but dull to mine :
 Her in mere Gratitude I must approve,
 For who, but would his kind Applauder love ?
 Another damns my Poetry, and me,
 And plays the Critick most judiciously :
 And she too fires my Heart, and she too charms,
 And I'm agog to have her in my arms.
 One with her soft and wanton Trip does please,
 And prints in every step, she sets, a Grace :
 Another walks with stiff ungainly tread ;
 But she may learn more pliantness abed,
 This sweetly sings ; her Voice does Love inspire,
 And every Breath kindles, and blows the fire :
 Who can forbear to kiss these Lips, whose sound
 The ravish'd Ears does with such softness wound ?
 That sweetly plays : and while her Fingers move,
 While o're the bounding Strings their touches
 rove,
 My Heart leaps too, and every Pulse beats Love :

What Reason is so pow'rful to withstand
The magick force of that resistless Hand?
Another Dances to a Miracle,
And moves her numerous Limbs with graceful
skill:
And she, or else the Devil's in't, must charm,
A touch of her would bed-rid Hermits warm.
If tall; I guess what plenteous Game she'l yield,
Where Pleasure ranges o're so wide a Field:
If low; she's pretty: both alike invite,
The Dwarf, and Giant both my wishes fit,
Undress'd; I think how killing she'd appear,
If arm'd with all Advantages she were:
Richly attir'd; she's the gay Bait of Love,
And knows with Art to set her Beauties off.
I like the Fair, I like the Red-hair'd one,
And I can find attractions in the Brown:
If curling Jet adorn her snowy Neck,
The beauteous *Leda* is reported Black:

If curling Gold ; *Aurora's* painted so :
All sorts of Histories my Love does know.
I like the Young with all her blooming Charms,
And Age it self is welcom to my Arms :
There uncropt Beauty in its flow'r assails,
Experience here, and riper sense prevails.
In fine, whatever of the Sex are known
To stock this spacious and well-furnish'd Town ;
Whatever any single man can find
Agreeable of all the num'rous kind :
At all alike my haggard Love does fly,
And each is Game, and each a Miss for me.

 BOOK II. ELEGY V.

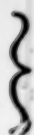
To his Mistress that jilted him.

Natus amor tanti est: abas pharetrate Cupido, &c.

NA Y then the Devil take all Love! if I
 So oft for its damn'd sake must wish to die:
 What can I wish for but to die, when you,
 Dear faithless Thing, I find, could prove untrue?
 Why am I curs'd with Life? why am I fain
 For thee, false Jilt, to bear eternal Pain?

'Tis not thy Letters, which thy Crimes reveal,
 Nor secret Presents, which thy Falshood tell:
 Would God! my just suspicions wanted cause,
 That they might prove less fatal to my ease:
 Would God! less colour for thy guilt there were,
 But that (alas!) too much of proof does bear:

Bless'd



Bless'd he, who what he loves can justifie,
To whom his Mistress can the Fact deny,
And boldly give his Jealousie the lye.
Cruel the Man, and uncompassionate,
And too indulgent to his own Regret,
Who seeks to have her guilt too manifest,
And with the murd'ring secret stabs his Rest.
I saw, when little you suspected me,
When sleep, you thought, gave opportunity,
Your Crimes I saw, and these unhappy eyes
Of all your hidden stealths were Witnesses :
I saw in signs your mutual Wishes read,
And Nods the message of your Hearts convey'd :
I saw the conscious Board, which writ all o're
With scrawls of Wine, Love's mystick Cypher
bore:
Your Glances were not mute, but each bewray'd,
And with your Fingers Dialogues were made :
I understood the Language out of hand,
(For what's too hard for Love to understand :)

Full well I understood for what intent
All this dumb Talk, and silent Hints were meant :
And now the Guests were from the Table fled,
And all the Company retir'd to bed.
I saw you then with wanton Kisses greet,
Your Tongues (I saw) did in your Kisses meet :
Not such as Sisters to their Brothers give,
But Lovers from their Mistresses receive :
Such as the God of War, and *Paphian* Queen
Did in the height of their Embraces joyn.
Patience, ye Gods ! (cried I) what is't I see ?
Unfaithful ! why this Treachery to me ?
How dare you let another in my sight
Invaide my native Property, and Right ?
He must not, shall not do't : by Love I swear
I'll seize the bold usurping Ravisher :
You are my Free-hold, and the Fates design,
That you should be unalienably mine :
These Favours all to me impropriate are :
How comes another then to trespass here ?

This, and much more I said, by Rage inspir'd,
While conscious shame her Cheeks with Blushes
fir'd :

Such lovely stains the face of Heav'n adorn,
When Light's first blushes paint the bashful Morn :
So on the Bush the flaming Rose does glow,
When mingled with the Lillies neighb'ring Snow :
This, or some other Colour much like these,
The semblance then of her Complexion was :
And while her Looks that sweet Disorder wore
Chance added Beauties undisclos'd before :
Upon the ground she cast her jetty Eyes,
Her Eyes shot fiercer Darts in that Disguise :
Her Face a sad and mournful Air express'd,
Her Face more lovely seem'd in sadness dress'd :
Urg'd by Revenge, I hardly could forbear,
Her braided Locks, and tender Cheeks to tear :
Yet I no sooner had her Face survey'd,
But strait the tempest of my Rage was laid :

A look of her did my Resentments charm,
A look of her did all their Force disarm :
And I, that fierce outrageous thing e're-while,
Grow calm as Infants, when in sleep they smile :
And now a Kiss am humbly fain to crave,
And beg no worse than she my Rival gave :
She smil'd, and strait a throng of Kisses prest,
The worst of which, should *Jove* himself but
taste,
The brandish'd Thunder from his Hand would
wrest :
Well-pleas'd I was, and yet tormented too,
For fear my envied Rival felt them so :
Better they seem'd by far than I e're taught,
And she in them shew'd something new methought :
Fond jealous I my self the Pleasure grutch,
And they displeas'd, because they pleas'd too
much :
When in my mouth I felt her darting Tongue,
My wounded Thoughts it with suspicion stung :

Nor is it this alone afflicts my mind,
More reason for complaint remains behind:
I grieve not only that she Kisses gave,
Tho that affords me cause enough to grieve :
Such never could be taught her but in Bed,
And Heav'n knows what Reward her Teacher had.

BOOK II. ELEGY X.

To a Friend,

Acquainting him, that he is in Love with
two at one time.

Tu mihi, tu certè (memini) Græcine, negabas, &c.

I 'VE heard, my Friend, and heard it said by you,
No Man at once could ever well love two:
But I was much deceiv'd upon that score,
For single I at once love one, and more:
Two at one time reign joyntly in my Breast,
Both handfom are, both charming, both well-
dress'd,
And hang me, if I know, which takes me best:

This Fairer is than that, and that than this,
That more than this, and this than that does please:
Toft, like a Ship, by diff'rent gults of Love,
Now to this point, and now to that I move.
Why, Love, why do'st thou double thus my pains?
Was't not enough to bear one Tyrant's chains?
Why, Goddeſs, do'st thou vainly lavifh more
On one, that was top-full of Love before?
Yet thus I'd rather love, than not at all,
May that ill Curſe my Enemies befall:
May my worſt Foe be damn'd to love of none,
Be damn'd to Continence, and lie alone:
Yet Loves alarms each night diſturb my Reſt,
And drowſie ſleep never approach my Breſt,
Or ſtrait-way thence be by new Pleaſure chas'd.
Let Pleaſures in ſucceſſion keep my Senſe
Ever awake, or ever in a Trance:
Let me lie melting in my fair One's Arms,
Riot in Blifs, and ſurfeit on her Charms:

Let her undo me there without controul,
Drain nature quite, suck out my very Soul:
And, if by one I can't enough be drawn,
Give me another, clap more Leeches on.
The Gods have made me of the sporting kind,
And for the Feat my Pliant Limbs design'd:
What Nature has in Bulk to me denied,
In Sinews, and in vigor is supplied:
And should my Strength be wanting to Desire,
Pleasure would add new Fuel to the Fire:
Oft in soft Battles have I spent the Night,
Yet rose next Morning vig'rous for the Fight,
Fresh as the Day, and active as the Light:
No Maid, that ever under me took pay,
From my Embrace went unoblig'd away.
Bless'd he, who in Loves service yields his Breath,
Grant me, ye Gods, so sweet, so wish'd a Death!
In bloody Fields let Souldiers meet their Fate,
To purchase dear-bought Honor at the rate:

Let greedy Merchants trust the faithless Main,
And shipwrack Life and Soul for sordid gain :
Dying, let me expire in gasps of Lust,
And in a gulf of Joy give up the ghost :

And some kind pitying Friend shall say of me,
So did he live, and so deserv'd to die.

I A Frag-

A FRAGMENT of
PETRONIUS,
PARAPHRAS'D.

Fæda est in coitu, & brevis voluptas, &c.

I Hate Fruition, now 'tis past,
'Tis all but nastiness at best ;
The homeliest thing, that man can do,
Besides, 'tis short, and fleeting too :
A squirt of slippery Delight,
That with a moment takes its flight :
A fulsome Bliss, that soon does cloy,
And makes us loath what we enjoy.
Then let us not too eager run,
By Passion blindly hurried on,

Like

Like Beasts, who nothing better know,
Than what meer Lust incites them to :
For when in Floods of Love we're drench'd,
The Flames are by enjoyment quench'd :
But thus, let's thus together lie,
And kiss out long Eternity :
Here we dread no conscious spies,
No blushes stain our guiltless Joys :
Here no Faintness dulls Desires,
And Pleasure never flags, nor tires :
This has pleas'd, and pleases now,
And for Ages will do so :
 Enjoyment here is never done,
 But fresh, and always but begun.

AN
ODE
OF
ANACREON,
PARAPHRAS'D.

The CUP.

Tὸν ἀργυρεὴν ποτήριον, &c.

MAke me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
Large, as my capacious Soul,
Vast, as my thirst is; let it have
Depth enough to be my Grave;

I mean,

I mean the Grave of all my Care,
For I intend to bury't there,
Let it of Silver fashion'd be,
Worthy of Wine, worthy of me,
Worthy to adorn the Spheres,
As that bright Cup amongst the Stars:
That Cup which Heaven deign'd a place;
Next the Sun its greatest Grace.
Kind Cup! that to the Stars did go,
To light poor Drunkards here below:
Let mine be so, and give me light,
That I may drink, and revel by't:
Yet draw no shapes of Armour there,
No Cask, nor Shield, nor Sword, nor Spear,
Nor Wars of *Thebes*, nor Wars of *Troy*,
Nor any other martial Toy:
For what do I vain Armour prize,
Who mind not such rough Exercise,
But gentler Sieges, softer Wars,
Fights, that cause no Wounds, or Scars?

I'll have no Battles on my Plate,
Lest sight of them should Brawls create,
Lest that provoke to Quarrels too,
Which Wine it self enough can do.
Draw me no Constellations there,
No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear,
Nor any of that monstrous fry
Of Animals, which stock the sky :
For what are Stars to my Design,
Stars, which I, when drunk, out-shine,
Out-shone by every drop of Wine ?
I lack no Pole Star on the Brink,
To guide in the wide Sea of Drink,
But would for ever there be tost ;
And wish no Haven, seek no Coast.
Yet, gentle Artist, if thou'lt try
Thy Skill, then draw me (let me see)
Draw me first a spreading Vine,
Make its Arms the Bowl entwine,

With kind embraces, such as I
Twist about my loving she,
Let its Boughs o're-spread above
Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love :
Draw next the Patron of that Tree,
Draw *Bacchus* and soft *Cupid* by;
Draw them both in toping Shapes,
Their Temples crown'd with cluster'd Grapes :
Make them lean against the Cup,
As 'twere to keep their Figures up :
And when their reeling Forms I view,
I'll think them drunk, and be so too :
The Gods shall my examples be,
The Gods, thus drunk in Effigy.

An Allusion to
MARTIAL.

BOOK I. EPIG. 118.

AS oft, Sir *Tradewell*, as we meet,
You're sure to ask me in the street,
When you shall send your Boy to me,
To fetch my Book of Poetry,
And promise you'll but read it o're,
And faithfully the Loan restore:
But let me tell ye as a Friend,
You need not take the pains to send:
'Tis a long way to where I dwell,
At farther end of *Clarkeinel*:

There

There in a Garret near the Sky,
Above five pair of Stairs I lie.
But, if you'd have, what you pretend,
You may procure it nearer hand :
In *Cornhil*, where you often go,
Hard by th' *Exchange*, there is, you know,
A Shop of Rhime, where you may see
The Posts all clad in Poetry ;
There *H*—— lives of high renown,
The noted'st *T O R Y* in the Town :
Where, if you please, enquire for me,
And he, or's Prentice, presently
From the next Shelf will reach you down
The Piece well bound for half a Crown :
The Price is much too dear, you cry,
To give for both the Book, and me :
Yes doubtless, for such vanities,
We know, Sir, you are too too wise.

THE DREAM.

Written, *March 10. 1677.*

Late as I on my Bed reposing lay,
And in soft sleep forgot the Toils of Day,
My self, my Cares, and Love, all charm'd to Rest,
And all the Tumults of my waking Breast,
Quiet and calm, as was the silent Night,
Whose stillness did to that bless'd sleep invite ;
I dreamt, and strait this visionary Scene
Did with Delight my Fancy entertain.

I saw, methought, a lonely Privacy,
Remote alike from man's, and Heavens Eye,

Girt with the covert of a shady Grove,
Dark as my thoughts, and secret as my Love:
Hard by a Stream did with that softness creep,
As 'twere by its own murmurs hush'd asleep;
On its green Bank under a spreading Tree,
At once a pleasant, and a shelt'ring Canopy,
There I, and there my dear *Cosmelia* fate,
Nor envied Monarchs in our safe Retreat:
So heretofore were the first Lovers laid
On the same Turf of which themselves were made.
A while I did her charming Glories view,
Which to their former Conquests added new;
A while my wanton hand was pleas'd to rove
Thro' all the hidden Labyrinths of Love;
Ten thousand Kisses on her Lips I fix'd,
Which she with interfering Kisses mix'd,
Eager as those of Lovers are in Death,
When they give up their Sou's too with the Breath
Love by these Freedoms first became more bold,
At length unruly, and too fierce to hold:

See

*See then (said I) and pity, charming Fair,
Yield quickly, yield; I can no longer bear
Th' impatient Sallies of a Bliss so near :
You must, and you alone these storms appease,
And lay those Spirits which your Charms could raise ;
Come, and in equal Flouds let's quench our Flame,
Come let's——and unawares I went to name
The Thing, but stopt and blusht methought in
Dream.*

*At first she did the rude Address disown,
And check'd my Boldness with an angry Frown,
But yielding Glances, and consenting Eyes
Prov'd the soft Traitors to her forc'd Disguise ;
And soon her looks with anger rough e're while,
Sunk in the dimples of a calmer smile :
Then with a sigh into these words she broke,
And printed melting Kisses as she spoke :
Too strong, Philander, is thy pow'rful Art
To take a feeble Maids ill-guarded Heart :*

*Too long I've struggled with my Bliss in vain,
Too long oppos'd what I oft wish'd to gain,
Loath to consent, yet loather to deny,
At once I court, and shun Felicity:
I cannot, will not yield; — and yet I must,
Lest to my own Desires I prove unjust:
Sweet Ravisher! what Love commands thee, do;
Tho I'm displeas'd, I shall forgive thee too,
Too well thou know'st; — and there my hand she
 press'd,
And said no more, but blush'd and smil'd the rest.*

*Ravish'd at the new grant, fierce eager I
Leap'd furious on, and seiz'd my trembling Prey;
With guarding Arms she first my Force repell'd,
Shrunk, and drew back, and would not seem to
 yield;
Unwilling to o'recome, she faintly strove,
One hand pull'd to, what t'other did remove:
So feeble are the struglings, and so weak
In sleep we seem, and only sleep to make:*

Forbear! (she said) *ab, gentle Youth, forbear*
(And still she hug'd, and clasp'd me still more near)
Ab! will you? will you force my Ruin so?
Ab! do not, do not, do not;—let me go.

What follow'd was above the pow'r of Verse,
Above the reach of Fancy to rehearse:
Not dying Saints enjoy such Extasies,
When they in Vision antedate their Bliss;
Not Dreams of a young Prophet are so blest'd,
When holy Trances first inspire his Breast,
And the God enters there to be a Guest.
Let duller Mortals other Pleasures prize,
Pleasures which enter at the waking Eyes,
Might I each Night such sweet Enjoyments find,
I'd wink for ever, be for ever blind.

A
S A T Y R
TOUCHING
N O B I L I T Y.

Out of Monsieur *B O I L E A U*.

TIS granted, that Nobility in Man,
Is no wild flutt'ring Notion of the Brain,
Where he, descended of an ancient Race,
Which a long train of numerous Worthies grace,
By Virtues Rules guiding his sleddy Course,
Traces the steps of his bright Ancestors.

But yet I can't endure an haughty Afs,
Debauch'd with Luxury, and slothful Ease,

Who

Who besides empty Titles of high Birth,
 Has no pretence to any thing of Worth,
 Shoud proudly wear the Fame , which others
 sought,
 And boast of Honor which himself ne'er got.

I grant, the Acts which his Fore-fathers did
 Have furnish'd matter for old *Hollinshead*,
 For which their Scutcheon, by the *Conqu'ror* grac'd
 Still bears a *Lion Rampant* for its Crest ;
 But what does this vain mass of Glory boot
 To be the Branch of such a noble Root,
 If he of all the Heroes of his Line
 Which in the Register of Story shine,
 Can offer nothing to the World's regard,
 But mouldy Parchments which the Worms have
 spar'd ?
 If sprung, as he pretends, of noble Race,
 He does his own Original disgrace,
 And, swoln with selfish Vanity and Pride,
 To greatness has no other claim beside,

But squanders life, and sleeps away his days,
Dissolv'd in Sloth, and steep'd in sensual ease?

Mean while to see how much the Arrogant
Boasts the false Lustre of his high Descent,
You'd fancy him Comptroller of the Sky,
And fram'd by Heav'n of other Clay than me.

Tell me, great Hero, you, that would be thought
So much above the mean, and humble Rout.
Of all the Creatures which do men esteem?
And which would you your self the nob'est deem?
Put case of Horse: No doubt, you'l answer strait,
The Racer, which has often'st won the Plate:
Who full of mettle, and of sprightly Fire,
Is never distanc'd in the fleet Career:
Him all the Rivals of *New-market* dread,
And crowds of Vent'urers stake upon his Head:
But if the Breed of *Dragon*, often cast,
Degenerate, and prove a Jade at last;
Nothing of Honor, or respect (we see)
Is had of his high Birth, and Pedigree:

But maugre all his great Progenitors,
The worthless Brute is banish'd from the Course,
Condemn'd for Life to ply the dirty Road,
To drag some Cart, or bear some Carrier's Load.

Then how can you with any sense expect
That I should be so silly to respect
The ghost of Honor, perish'd long ago,
That's quite extinct, and lives no more in you ?
Such gaudy Trifles with the Fools may pass,
Caught with mere shew, and vain Appearances :
Virtue's the certain Mark, by Heav'n design'd,
That's always stamp'd upon a noble mind :
If you from such illustrious Worthies came,
By copying them your high Extract proclaim :
Shew us those generous Heats of Gallantry,
Which Ages past did in those Worthies see,
That zeal for Honor, and that brave Disdain,
Which scorn'd to do an Action base, or mean :
Do you apply your Interest aright,
Not to oppress the Poor with wrongful Might ?

Would

Would you make Conscience to pervert the Laws,
Tho brib'd to do't, or urg'd by your own Cause?
Dare you, when justly call'd, expend your Blood
In service for your King's and Countries good?
Can you in open Field in Armour sleep,
And there meet danger in the ghastliest shape?

By such illustrious Marks as these, I find,
You're truly issued of a noble kind:
Then fetch your Line from *Albanact*, or *Knute*,
Or, if these are too fresh, from older *Brute*:
At leisure search all History to find
Some great, and glorious Warriour to your mind:
Take *Cæsar*, *Alexander*, which you please,
To be the mighty Founder of your Race;
In vain the World your Parentage bely,
That was, or should have been your Pedegree.

But, if you could with ease derive your Kin
From *Hercules* himself in a right Line;
If yet there nothing in your Actions be,
Worthy the name of your high Progeny;

All these great Ancestors, which you disgrace,
 Against you are a cloud of Witnesses :
 And all the Lustre of their tarnish'd Fame
 Serves but to light, and manifest your Shame :
 In vain you urge the merit of your Race,
 And boast that Blood , which you your selves de-
 base.

In vain you borrow, to adorn your Name,
 The Spoils, and Plunder of another's Fame ;
 If, where I look'd for something Great, and Brave, }
 I meet with nothing but a Fool, or Knave, }
 A Traitor, Villain, Sycophant, or Slave, }
 A freakish Madman, fit to be confin'd,
 Whom *Bedlam* only can to order bind,
 Or (to speak all at once) a barren Limb,
 And rotten Branch of an illustrious Stem.

But I am too severe, perhaps you'll think,
 And mix too much of Satyr with my Ink :
 We speak to men of Birth, and Honor here,
 And those nice Subjects must be touch'd with care :

Cry mercy, Sirs! Your Race, we grant, is known;
But how far backwards can you trace it down?

You answer: For at least a thousand year,
And some odd hundreds you can make't appear:
'Tis much: But yet in short the proofs are clear:
All Books with your Fore-fathers Titles shine,
Whose names have scap'd the general wreck of
Time:

But who is there so bold, that dares engage
His Honor, that in this long Tract of Age
No one of all his Ancestors deceas'd
Had e're the fate to find a Bride unchast?
That they have all along *Lucretia's* been,
And nothing e're of spurious Blood crept in,
To mingle and defile the Sacred Line?

Curst'd be the day, when first this vanity
Did primitive simplicity destroy,
In the bless'd state of infant time, unknown,
When Glory sprung from Innocence alone:

Each from his merit only Title drew,
And that alone made Kings, and Nobles too :
Then, scorning borrow'd Helps to prop his Name,
The Hero from himself deriv'd his Fame :
But Merit by degenerate time at last,
Saw Vice ennobled, and her self debas'd :
And haughty Pride false pompous Titles feign'd,
T'amuse the World, and Lord it o're mankind :
Thence the vast Herd of Earls, and Barons came,
For Virtue each brought nothing but a Name :
Soon after Man, fruitful in Vanities,
Did Blazoning and Armory devise,
Founded a College for the Herald's Art,
And made a Language of their Terms apart,
Compos'd of frightful words, of *Chief*, and *Base*,
Of *Chevron*, *Saltier*, *Canton*, *Bend*, and *Fess*,
And whatsoe're of hideous Jargon else
Mad *Guillim*, and his barbarous Volume fills.

Then farther the wild Folly to pursue,
Plain down-right Honor out of fashion grew :

But to keep up its Dignity, and Birth,
Expence, and Luxury must set it forth :
It must inhabit stately Palaces,
Distinguish Servants by their Liveries,
And carrying vast Retinues up and down,
The Duke and Earl be by their Pages known.

Thus Honor to support it self is brought
To its last shifts, and thence the Art has got
Of borrowing every where, and paying nought :
'Tis now thought mean, and much beneath a Lord
To be an honest man, and keep his Word ;
Who, by his Peerage, and Protection safe,
Can plead the Privilege to be a Knave :
While daily Crowds of starving Creditors
Are forc'd to dance attendance at his doors :
Till he at length with all his mortgag'd Lands
Are forfeited into the Banker's hands :
Then to redress his wants, the bankrupt Peer
To some rich trading Sot, turns Pensioner :

And the next News, you're sure to hear that he
Is nobly wed into the Company :

Where for a Portion of ill gotten Gold,
Himself and all his Ancestors are sold :

And thus repairs his broken Family
At the expence of his own Infamy.

For if you want Estate to set it forth,
In vain you boast the splendor of your Birth :
Your priz'd Gentility for madness goes,
And each your Kindred shuns and disavows :
But he that's rich is prais'd at his full rate,
And tho he once cry'd *Small-coal* in the street,
Tho he, nor none of his e're mention'd were,
But in the Parish-Book, or Register.

D——*le* by help of Chronicle shall trace
An hundred Barons of his ancient Race.

A
S A T Y R.

*Address'd to a Friend, that is about to
leave the University, and come
abroad in the World.*

IF you're so out of love with Happiness,
To quit a College-life, and learned ease;
Convince me first, and some good Reasons give,
What methods and designs you'll take to live:
For such Resolves are needful in the Case,
Before you tread the worlds mysterious Maze:
Without the Premisses in vain you'll try
To live by Systems of Philosophy:
Your *Aristotle*, *Cartes*, and *Le-Grand*,
And *Euclid* too in little stead will stand,

How

How many men of choice, and noted parts,
Well fraught with Learning, Languages, and Arts,
Designing high Preferment in their mind,
And little doubting good success to find,
With vast and tow'ring thoughts have flock'd to
Town,
But to their cost soon found themselves undone,
Now to repent, and starve at leisure left,
Of miseries lost Comfort, Hope, bereft:

*These fail'd for want of good Advice, you cry,
Because at first they fix'd on no employ:*
Well then, let's draw the Prospect, and the Scene
To all advantage possibly we can:
The world lies now before you, let me hear,
What course your Judgment counsels you to steer:
Always consider'd, that your whole Estate,
And all your Fortune lies beneath your Hat:
Were you the Son of some rich Usurer,
That starv'd, and damn'd himself to make his Heir,

Left nought to do, but to interr the Sot,
And spend with ease what he with pains had got;
Twere easie to advise how you might live,
Nor would there need instruction then to give:
But you, that boast of no Inheritance,
Save that small stock, which lies within your
Brains,
Learning must be your Trade, and therefore weigh
With heed, how you your Game the best may
play;

Bethink your self a while, and then propose
What way of Life is fitt'st for you to choose.

If you for Orders, and a Gown design,
Consider only this, dear Friend of mine,
The Church: is grown so overstock'd of late,
That if you walk abroad, you'l hardly meet
More Porters now than Parsons in the street.
At every Corner they are forc'd to ply
For Jobs of hawking Divinity:
And half the number of the Sacred Herd
Are fain to strowl, and wander unprefer'd:

If this, or thoughts of such a weighty Charge
Make you resolve to keep your self at large ;
For want of better opportunity,
A School must your next Sanctuary be :
Go, wed some Grammar-Bridewel, and a Wife,
And there beat *Greek*, and *Latin* for your life :
With birchen Scepter there command at will,
Greater than *Busby's* self, or Doctor *Gill* :
But who would be to the vile Drudg'ry bound
Where there so small encouragement is found ?
Where you for recompence of all your pains
Shall hardly reach a common Fidler's gains ?
For when you've toil'd, and labour'd all you can,
To dung, and cultivate a barren Brain :
A Dancing-Master shall be better paid,
Tho he instructs the Heels, and you the Head :
To such Indulgence are kind Parents grown,
That nought costs less in Breeding than a Son :
Nor is it hard to find a Father now,
Shall more upon a Setting-dog allow :

And with a freer hand reward the Care
Of training up his Spaniel, than his Heir.

Some think themselves exalted to the Sky,
If they light in some noble Family :
Diet, an Horse, and thirty pounds a year,
Besides th'advantage of his Lordships ear,
The credit of the business, and the State,
Are things that in a Youngster's Sense sound great.
Little the unexperienc'd Wretch does know,
What slavery he oft must undergo :
Who tho in silken Skarf, and Cassock drest,
Wears but a gayer Livery at best :
When Dinner calls the Implement must wait
With holy Words to consecrate the Meat :
But hold it for a Favour seldom known,
If he be deign'd the Honor to sit down.
Soon as the Tarts appear, Sir *Crape*, withdraw !
Those Dainties are not for a spiritual Maw :
Observe your distance, and be sure to stand
Hard by the Cistern with your Cap in hand :

There

There for diversion you may pick your Teeth,
Till the kind Voider comes for your Relief :
For meer Board-wages such their Freedom sell,
Slaves to an Hour, and Vassals to a Bell :
And if th' enjoyment of one day be stole,
They are but Pris'ners out upon Parole :
Always the marks of slavery remain,
And they, tho loose, still drag about their Chain.

And where's the mighty Prospect after all,
A Chaplainship serv'd up, and seven years Thrall ?
The menial thing perhaps for a Reward
Is to some slender Benefice preferr'd,
With this Proviso bound, that he must wed
My Ladies antiquated Waiting-maid, }
In Dressing only skill'd, and Marmalade.

Let others who such meannesses can brook,
Strike Countenance to every Great man's Look :
Let those that have a mind, turn slaves to eat,
And live contented by another's Plate :

I rate my Freedom higher, nor will I
For Food and Rayment truck my Liberty.
But, if I must to my last shifts be put,
To fill a Bladder, and twelve yards of Gut ;
Rather with counterfeited wooden Leg,
And my right Arm tied up, I'll chuse to beg:
I'll rather chuse to starve at large, than be
The gawdiest Vassal to Dependency.

T has ever been the top of my Desires,
The utmost height to which my wish aspires,
That Heav'n would bless me with a small Estate,
Where I might find a close obscure retreat ;
There, free from Noise, and all ambitious ends,
Enjoy a few choice Books, and fewer Friends,
Lord of my self, accountable to none,
But to my Conscience, and my God alone :
There live unthought of, and unheard of, die,
And grudg Mankind my very memory.
But since the Blessing is (I find) too great
For me to wish for, or expect of Fate:

Yet, maugre all the spight of Destiny,
My Thoughts, and Actions are, and shall be free.
A certain Author, very grave, and sage,
This Story tells : no matter, what the Page.

One time, as they walk'd forth e're break of day,
The Wolf, and Dog encounter'd on the way :
Famish'd the one, meager, and lean of plight,
As a cast Poet, who for Bread does write :
The other fat, and plump, as Prebend, was,
Pamper'd with Luxury, and holy Ease.

Thus met, with Complements, too long to tell,
Of being glad to see each other well :
How now, Sir Towzer ? (said the Wolf) I pray,
Whence comes it, that you look so sleek, and gay ?
While I, who do as well (I'm sure) deserve,
For want of Livelihood am like to starve ?
Troth Sir (replied the Dog) 'thas been my Fate,
I thank the friendly Stars, to hap of late
On a kind Master, to whose care I owe
All this good Flesh, wherewith you see me now :

*From his rich Volder every day I'm fed
With Bones of Fowl, and Crusts of finest Bread:
With Fricassee, Ragoust, and whatsoe're
Of costly Kickshaws now in fashion are,
And more variety of Boil'd and Roast,
Than a Lord Mayor's Waiter e're could boast.
Then, Sir, 'tis hardly credible to tell,
How I'm respected, and belov'd by all:
I'm the Delight of the whole Family,
Not darling Shock more Favorite than I:
I never sleep abroad, to Air expos'd,
But in my warm apartment am inclos'd:
There on fresh Bed of Straw, with Canopy
Of Hutch above, like Dog of State I lie.
Besides, when with high Fare, and Nature fir'd,
To generous Sports of Youth I am inspir'd,
All the proud shees are soft to my Embrace
From Bitch of Quality down to Turn-spit Race:
Each day I try new Mistrisses and Loves,
Nor envy Sovereign Dogs in their Alcoves.*

*Thus happy I of all enjoy the best,
No mortal Cur on Earth yet half so blest'd:
And farther to enhance the Happiness,
All this I get by idleness, and ease.*

*Trotb! (said the Wolf) I envy your Estate
Would to the Gods it were but my good Fate,
That I might happily admitted be
A Member of your blest'd Society!
I would with Faithfulness discharge my place
In any thing that I might serve his Grace:
But, think you, Sir, it would be feasible,
And that my Application might prevail?*

*Do but endeavour, Sir, you need not doubt;
I make no question but to bring't about:
Only rely on me, and rest secure,
I'll serve you to the utmost of my Pow'r;
As I'm a Dog of Honor, Sir:—but this
I only take the Freedom to advise,
That you'd a little lay your Roughness by,
And learn to practise Complaisance, like me.*

*For that let me alone : I'll have a care,
And top my part, I warrant, to a hair :
There's not a Courtier of them all shall vie
For Fawning, and for Suppleness with me.*

And thus resolv'd at last, the Travellers
Towards the House together shape their course :
The Dog, who Breeding well did understand,
In walking gives his Ghest the upper hand :
And as they walk along, they all the while
With Mirth, and pleasant Raillery beguile
The tedious Time, and Way, till Day drew near,
And Light came on ; by which did soon appear
The Mastiff's Neck to view all worn and bare. }

This when his Camrade spi'd, *What means* (said
he)

*This Circle bare, which round your Neck I see :
If I may be so bold ;——Sir, you must know,
That I at first was rough, and fierce, like you,
Of Nature curs'd, and often apt to bite
Strangers, and else, who ever came in sight :*

*For this I was tied up, and underwent
The Whip sometimes, and such light Chastisement :
Till I at length by Discipline grew tame,
Gentle, and tractable, as now I am :
'Twas by this short, and slight severity
I gain'd these Marks and Badges, which you see :
But what are they ? Allons Monsieur ! let's go.
Not one step farther : Sir, excuse me now .
Much joy t'ye of your envied, bless'd Estate :
I will not buy Preferment at that rate :
A Gods name, take your golden Chains for me :
Faith, I'd not be a King, not to be free :
Sir Dog, your humble Servant, so Godbw'y.*

SOME
VERSES

Written in *Septemb.* 1676.

Presenting a Book to *COSMELIA*.

GO, humble Gift, go to that matchless Saint,
Of whom thou only wast a Copy meant :
And all, that's read in thee, more richly find
Compriz'd in the fair Volume of her mind ;
That living System, where are fully writ
All those high Morals, which in Books we meet :
Easie, as in soft Air, there writ they are,
Yet firm, as if in Brass they graven were.

Nor is her Talent lazily to know
As dull Divines, and holy Canters do ;
She acts what they only in Pulpits prate,
And Theory to Practice does translate :
Not her own Actions more obey her Will,
Than that obeys strict Virtues dictates still :
Yet does not Virtue from her Duty flow,
But she is good, because she will be so :
Her Virtue scorns at a low pitch to flie,
'Tis all free Choice, nought of Necessity :
By such soft Rules are Saints above confin'd,
Such is the Tie, which them to Good does bind.
The scatter'd Glories of her happy Sex
In her bright Soul as in their Center mix :
And all, that they possess but by Retail,
She hers by just Monopoly can call ;
Whose sole Example does more Virtues shew,
Than Schoolmen ever taught, or ever knew.
No Act did e're within her Practice fall,
Which for th' atonement of a Bush could call :

No word of hers e're greeted any ear,
But what a Saint at her last gasp might hear:
Scarcely her Thoughts have ever sullied been
With the least print, or stain of native Sin:
Devour she is, as holy Hermits are,
Who share their time 'twixt Extasie, and Prayer:
Modest, as infant Roses in their Bloom,
Who in a Blush their fragrant Lives consume:
So chaste, the Dead themselves are only more,
Who lie divorc'd from Objects, and from Power:
So pure, could Virtue in a Shape appear,
'Twould chuse to have no other Form, but Her:
So much a Saint, I scarce dare call her so,
For fear to wrong her with a name too low:
Such the Seraphick Brightness of her mind,
I hardly can believe her Womankind:
But think some nobler Being does appear,
Which to instruct the World, has left the Sphere,
And condescends to wear a Body here.

Or, if she mortal be, and meant to show
The greater Art by being form'd below ;
Sure Heaven preserv'd her by the Fall uncurs'd,
To tell how good the Sex was made at first.

THE

THE PARTING.

TOO happy had I been indeed, if Fate
 Had made it lasting, as she made it great ;
 But 'twas the Plot of unkind Destiny,
 To lift me to, then snatch me from my Joy :
 She rais'd my Hopes, and brought them just in
 view,
 And then in spight the pleasing Scene withdrew.
 So *He* of old the *promis'd Land* survey'd,
 Which he might only see, but never tread :
 So Heav'n was by that damned *Caitiff* seen,
 He saw't, but with a mighty Gulf between,
 He saw't to be more wretched, and despair agen :

Not Souls of dying Sinners, when they go,
Assur'd of endless Miseries below,
Their Bodies more unwillingly desert,
Than I from you, and all my Joys did part.
As some young Merchant, whom his Sire unkind
Resigns to every faithless Wave, and Wind;
If the kind Mistriſs of his Vows appear,
And come to bless his Voyage with a Prayer,
Such Sighs he vents as may the Gale increase,
Such Floods of Tears as may the Billows raise:
And when at length the launching Vessel flies,
And severs first his Lips, and then his Eyes;
Long he looks back to see what he adores,
And, while he may, views the beloved Shores.
Such just concerns I at your Parting had,
With such sad Eyes your turning Face survey'd:
Reviewing, they pursu'd you out of sight,
Then sought to trace you by left Tracks of Light:

And when they could not Looks to you convey,
Tow'rds the lov'd Place they took delight to
 stray,
And aim'd uncertain Glances still that way.

Complain:

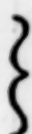
Complaining of
ABSENCE.

TEN days (if I forget not) wasted are
(A year in any Lover's Calendar)

Since I was forc'd to part, and bid adieu
To all my Joy, and Happiness in you:
And still by the same Hindrance am detain'd,
Which me at first from your lov'd Sight constrain'd:
Oft I resolve to meet my Bliss, and then
My Tether stops, and pulls me back agen:
So, when our rais'd Thoughts to Heav'n aspire,
Earth stifles them, and choaks the good desire.
Curse on that Man, who Business first design'd,
And by't enthral'd a free-born Lover's mind!

A curse

A curse on Fate, who thus subjected me,
And made me slave to any thing but thee!
Lovers should be as unconfin'd as Air,
Free as its wild Inhabitants from Care:
So free those happy Lovers are above,
Exempt from all Concerns but those of Love:
But I, poor Lover militant below,
The Cares, and Troubles of dull Life must know?
Must toil for that, which does on others wait,
And undergo the drudgery of Fate:
Yet I'll no more to her a Vassal be,
Thou now shalt make, and rule my Destiny:
Hence troublefom Fatigues! all Bus'ness hence!
This very hour my Freedom shall commence:
Too long that Jilt has thy proud Rival been,
And made me by neglectful Absence sin;
But I'll no more obey its Tyranny,
Nor that, nor Fate it self shall hinder me,
Henceforth from seeing, and enjoying thee.



Promising a

V I S I T.

Sooner may Art, and easier far divide
The soft embracing waters of the Tide,
Which with united Friendship still rejoin,
Than part my Eyes, my Arms, or Lips from thine:
Sooner it may Time's headlong motion force,
In which it marches with unalter'd course,
Or sever this from the succeeding Day,
Than from thy happy Presence force my stay.
Not the touch'd Needle (emblem of my Soul)
With greater Rev'rence trembles to its Pole,
Nor Flames with surer instinct upwards go,
Than mine, and all their motives tend to you.

Fly swift, ye minutes, and contract the space
Of Time, which holds me from her dear Embrace:
When I am there I'll bid you kindly stay,
I'll bid you rest, and never glide away.
Thither when Bus'ness gives me a Release
To lose my Cares in soft, and gentle Ease,
I'll come, and all arrears of Kindness pay,
And live o're my whole Absence in one day.
Not Souls, releas'd from human Bodies, move
With quicker hast to meet their Bliss above;
Than I, when freed from Clogs, that bind me now,
Eager to seize my Happiness, will go.
Should a fierce Angel arm'd with Thunder stand,
And threaten Vengeance with his brandish'd hand,
To stop the entrance to my Paradise;
I'll venture, and his slighted Bolts despise.
Swift as the wings of Fear, shall be my Love,
And me to her with equal speed remove:
Swift, as the motions of the Eye, or Mind,
I'll thither fly, and leave slow Thought behind.

THE CARELESS
Good Fellow.

Written, *March 9. 1680.*

S O N G.

I.

A Pox of this fooling, and plotting of late,
What a pother, and stir has it kept in the
State?

Let the Rabble run mad with Suspicions, and Fears,
Let them scuffle, and jar, till they go by the ears :

Their Grievances never shall trouble my pate,
So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet.

II. What

II.

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter
their ease

And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mass?

At old *Tyburn* they never had needed to swing, ?

Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and their
King ;

A Friend, and a Bottle is all my design ;

He has no room for Treason, that's top-full of
Wine.

III.

I mind not the Members and makers of Laws,

Let them sit or Prorogue, as his Majesty please :

Let them damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine

At my Lodging, when dead, so alive I have Wine :

Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear

To curse them for making my Claret so dear.

IV.

I mind not grave Asſes, who idly debate
About Right and Succeſſion, the trifles of State ;
We've a good King already : and he deſerves laugh-
ter
That will trouble his head with who ſhall come
after :
Come, here's to his Health , and I wiſh he may
be
As free from all Care, and all Trouble, as we.

V.

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollander* go ?
Or Intrigues betwixt *Sidney* , and *Monſieur*
D'Avaux ?
What concerns it my Drinking, if *Cafel* be ſold,
If the Conqueror take it by Storming, or Gold ?
Good *Bordeaux* alone is the place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a Wind.

VI.

The Bully of *France*, that aspires to Renown
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own ;
Let him fight and be damn'd , and make Matches,
and Treat,
To afford the News-mongers , and Coffee-house
Chat :

He's but a brave wretch, while I am more free,
More safe, and a thousand times happier than
He.

VII.

Come He, or the Pope, or the Devil to boot,
Or come Faggot, and Stake ; I care not a Groat ;
Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will heat :
No, I swear, Mr. *Fox*, pray excuse me for that.
I'll drink in defiance of Gibbet, and Halter,
This is the Profession, that never will alter.

A S A T Y R.

*The Person of Spencer is brought in,
Dissuading the Author from the
Study of POETRY, and shewing how
little it is esteem'd and encourag'd in
this present Age.*

ONE night, as I was pondering of late
On all the mis'ries of my hapless Fate,
Curfing my rhiming Stars, raving in vain
At all the Pow'rs, which over Poets reign :
In came a ghastly Shape, all pale, and thin,
As some poor Sinner, who by Priest had been
Under a long Lent's Penance, starv'd, and whip'd,
Or par-boil'd Lecher, late from Hot-house crept :

Famish'd

Famish'd his Looks appear'd, his Eyes sunk in,
Like Morning-Gown about him hung his Skin:
A Wreath of Lawrel on his Head he wore,
A Book, inscrib'd the *Fairy Queen*, he bore.

By this I knew him, rose, and bow'd, and said,
Hail reverend Ghost! all hail most sacred Shade!
Why this great Visit? why vouchsaf'd to me,
The meanest of thy British Progeny?
Com'st thou in my uncall'd, unhallow'd Muse,
Some of thy mighty Spirit to infuse?
If so; lay on thy Hands, ordain me fit
For the high Cure, and Ministry of Wit:
Let me (I beg) thy great Instructions claim,
Teach me to tread the glorious paths of Fame:
Teach me (for none does better know than thou)
How, like thy self, I may immortal grow.

Thus did I speak, and spoke it in a strain,
Above my common rate, and usual vein;
As if inspir'd by presence of the Bard,
Who with a Frown thus to reply was heard,

In stile of Satyr, such wherein of old
He the fam'd Tale of *Mother Hubbard* told,

I come, fond Ideot, e're it be too late,
Kindly to warn thee of thy wretched Fate :
Take heed betimes, repent, and learn of me
To shun the dang'rous Rocks of Poetry :
Had I the choice of Flesh and Blood again,
To act once more in Life's tumultuous Scene ;
I'd be a Porter, or a Scavenger,

A Groom, or any thing, but Poet here :
Hast thou observ'd some Hawker of the Town,
Who thro the Streets with dismal Scream and Tone,
Cries Matches, Small-coal, Brooms, Old Shoes and
Boots,

Socks, Sermons, Ballads, Lies, Gazetts, and Votes ?
So unrecorded to the Grave I'd go,
And nothing but the Register tell, who :
Rather that poor unheard-of Wretch I'd be,
Than the most glorious Name in Poetry,
With all its boasted Immortality :

Rather

Rather than He, who sung on *Phrygia's* Shore,
 The *Grecian* Bullies fighting for a Whore :
 Or He of *Thebes*, whom Fame so much extols
 For praising Jockies, and *New-market* Fools.

So many now, and bad the Scriblers be,
 'Tis scandal to be of the Company :
 The foul Disease is so prevailing grown,
 So much the Fashion of the Court and Town,
 That scarce a man well-bred in either's deem'd,
 But who has kill'd, been often clapt, and oft has
 rhim'd :

The Fools are troubled with a Flux of Brains,
 And each on Paper squirts his filthy sense :
 A leash of Sonnets, and a dull Lampoon
 Set up an Author, who forthwith is grown
 A man of Parts, of Rhiming, and Renown :
 Ev'n that vile *Wretch*, who in lewd Verse each year
 Describes the Pageants, and my good *Lord May'r*,
 Whose Works must serve the next Election-day
 For making Squibs, and under Pies to lay,

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 Whose Works must serve the next Election-day
 For making Squibs, and under Pies to lay,

Yet counts himself of the inspired Train,
And dares in thought the sacred Name profane.

*But is it nought (thou'lt say) in Front to stand,
With Laurel crown'd by White, or Loggan's hand?*

*Is it not great, and glorious to be known,
Mark'd out, and gaz'd at thro' the wond'ring Town.
By all the Rabble passing up and down?*

So Oats and Bedloe have been pointed at,
And every busie Coxcomb of the State :
The meanest Felons who thro' Holborn go,
More eyes, and looks than twenty Poets draw :
If this be all, go, have thy posted Name
Fix'd up with Bills of Quack, and publick Sham ;
To be the stop of gaping Prentices,

And read by reeling Drunkards, when they piss ;
Or else to lie expos'd on trading Stall,

While the bilk'd Owner hires Gazetts to tell,
'Mongst Spaniels lost, that Author does not sell.

Perhaps, fond Fool, thou sooth'st thy self in
dream,

With hopes of purchasing a lasting Name?
Thou think'st perhaps thy Trisles shall remain,
Like sacred *Cowley*, and immortal *Ben*?
But who of all the bold Adventurers,
Who now drive on the trade of Fame in Verse
Can be ensur'd in this unfaithful Sea,
Where there so many lost and shipwrack'd be?
How many Poems writ in ancient time,
Which thy Fore-fathers had in great esteem,
Which in the crowded Shops bore any rate,
And sold like News-Books, and Affairs of State,
Have grown contemptible, and slighted since,
As *Pordidge*, *Fleckno*, or the *British Prince*?
Quarles, *Chapman*, *Heywood*, *Witbers* had Applause,
And *Wild*, and *Ogilby* in former days;
But now are damn'd to wrapping Drugs, and Wares.
And curs'd by all their broken Stationers:

And so may'st thou perchance pass up and down,
 And please a while th' admiring Court, and Town,
 Who after shalt in *Duck-lane* Shops be thrown,
 To mould with *Silvester*, and *Shirley* there,
 And truck for pots of Ale next *Stourbridg*-Fair.
 Then who'l not laugh to see th' immortal Name
 To vile *Mundanus* made a Martyr Flame?
 And all thy deathless Monuments of Wit,
 Wipe Porters Tails, or mount in Paper-kite?

But, grant thy Poetry should find success,
 And (which is rare) the squeamish Criticks please;
 Admit, it read, and prais'd, and courted be
 By this nice Age, and all Posterity;
 If thou expectest ought but empty Fame;
 Condemn thy Hopes, and Labors to the Flame:
 The rich have now learn'd only to admire,
 He, who to greater Favours does aspire,
 Is mercenary thought, and writes to hire:
 Would'st thou to raise thine, and thy Countries
 Chuse some old *English* Hero for thy Theme (Fame,

Bold *Arthur*, or great *Edward's* greater Son,
 Or our fifth *Harry*, matchless in Renown,
 Make *Agin-court*, and *Cressy* Fields outvie
 The fam'd *Lavinian* Shores, and Walls of *Troy*;
 What *Scipio*, what *Mecenas* would'st thou find,
 What *Sidney* now to thy great Project kind?
Bless me! how great Genius! how each Line
Is lig with Sense! how glorious a Design
Dees thro the whole, and each Proportion shine!
How lofty all his Thoughts, and how inspir'd!
Pity, such wond'rous Parts are not preferr'd:
 Cries a gay wealthy Sot, who would not bail
 For bare five Pounds the Author out of Jail,
 Should he starve there, and rot; who if a Brief
 Came out the needy Poets to relieve,
 To the whole Tribe would scarce a Testor give.
 But fifty Guinnies for a Whore and Clap!
 The Peer's well us'd, and comes off wond'rous
 cheap:

A Poet would be dear, and out o'th' way,
Should he expect above a Coach-man's pay:
For this will any dedicate, and lye,
And dawb the gaudy Afs with Flattery?
For this will any prostitute his Sense
To Coxcombs void of Bounty, as of Brains?
Yet such is the hard Fate of Writers now,
They're forc'd for Alms to each great Name to
bow :

Fawn, like her Lap-dog, on her tawdry Grace,
Commend her Beauty, and bely her Glass,
By which she every morning primes her Face:
Sneak to his Honor, call him Wity, Brave,
And Just, tho a known Coward, Fool, or Knave,
And praise his Lineage, and Nobility,
Whose Arms at first came from the Company.

'Tis so, 'twas ever so, since heretofore
The blind old *Bard*, with Dog and Bell before,
Was fain to sing for Bread from door to door :

The needy Muses all turn'd Gipsies then,
And of the begging Trade e're since have been:
Should mighty *Sappho* in these days revive,
And hope upon her stock of Wit to live;
She must to *Creswel's* trudg to mend her Gains,
And let her Tail to hire, as well as Brains.

What Poet ever fin'd for Sheriff? or who
By Wit and Sense did ever Lord Mayors grow?

My own hard Usage here I need not press,
Where you have every day before your face
Plenty of fresh resembling Instances:
Great *Cowley's* Muse the same ill Treatment had,
Whose Verse shall live for ever to upbraid
Th' ungrateful World, that left such Worth un-
paid.

Waller himself may thank Inheritance
For what he else had never got by Sense.
On *Butler* who can think without just Rage,
The Glory, and the Scandal of the Age?

Fair stood his hopes, when first he came to Town,
Met every where with welcomes of Renown,
Court'd, and lov'd by all, with wonder read,
And promises of Princely Favour fed :
But what Reward for all had he at last,
After a Life in dull expectance pass'd ?
The Wretch at summing up his mis-spent days
Found nothing left, but Poverty, and Praise :
Of all his Gains by Verse he could not save
Enough to purchas' Flannel, and a Grave :
Reduc'd to want, he in due time fell sick,
Was fain to die, and be interr'd on tick :
And well might bless the Fever that was sent,
To rid him hence, and his worse Fate prevent.

You've seen what fortune other Poets share ;
View next the Factors of the Theatre :
That constant Mart, which all the year does hold,
Where Staple Wit is barter'd, bought, and sold ;
Here trading Scriblers for their Maintainance,
And Livelihood trust to a Lott'ry-chance :

But

But who his Parts would in the Service spend,
 Where all his hopes on vulgar Breath depend?
 Where every Sot, for paying half a Crown,
 Has the Prerogative to cry him down?
Sidley indeed may be content with Fame,
 Nor care should an ill-judging Audience damn:
 But *Settle*, and the Rest, that write for Pence,
 Whose whole Estate's an ounce, or two of Brains,
 Should a thin House on the third day appear,
 Must starve, or live in Tatters all the year.
 And what can we expect that's brave and great,
 From a poor needy Wretch, that writes to eat?
 Who the success of the next Play must wait
 For Lodging, Food, and Cloaths, and whose chief
 care
 Is how to sponge for the next Meal, and where?
 Hadst thou of old in flourishing *Athens* liv'd,
 When all the learned Arts in Glory thriv'd,
 When mighty *Sophocles* the Stage did sway,
 And Poets by the State were held in pay;

'Twere worth thy Pains to cultivate thy Muse,
And daily wonders then it might produce ;
But who would now write Hackney to a Stage,
That's only thought the Nuisance of the Age ?
Go after this, and beat thy wretched Brains,
And toil to bring in thankless Idcots means :
Turn o're dull *Horace*, and the Classick Fools,
To poach for Sense, and hunt for idle Rules :
Be free of Tickets, and the Play-houses,
To make some tawdry Act'refs there by Prize,
And spend thy third Days gains 'twixt her clap'd
Thighs.

All Trades, and all Professions here abound,
And yet Encouragement for 'all is found :
Here a vile Emp'rick, who by Licence kills,
Who every week helps to increase the Bills,
Wears Velvet, keeps his Coach, and Whore beside,
For what less Villains must to *Tyburn* ride.
There a dull trading Sot, in Wealth o'regrown
By thriving Knavery, can call his own

A dozen Mannors, and if Fate still blefs,
Expects as many Counties to poffefs.
Punks, Panders, Bawds, all their due Pensions gain,
And every day the Great Mens Bounty drain :
Lavish expence on Wit, has never yet
Been tax'd amongst the Grievances of State.
The *Turky, Guinny, India* Gainers be,
And all but the Poetick Company :
Each place of Traffick, *Bantam, Smyrna, Zant,*
Greenland, Virginia, Sevil, Alicant,
And *France*, that fends us Dildoes, Lace, and Wine,
Vast profit all, and large Returns bring in :
Parnaffus only is that barren Coast,
Where the whole Voyage, and Adventure's loft.
Then be advis'd, the flighted Mufe forfake,
And *Cook*, and *Dalton* for thy study take :
For Fees each Term swear in the crowded Hall,
And there for Charters, and crack'd Titles bawl :

Where *M——d* thrives, and pockets more each
year

Than forty Laureats of the Theater.

Or else to Orders, and the Church betake

Thy self, and that thy future Refuge make:

There fawn on some proud Patron to engage

Th' Advowson of cast Punk, and Parsonage:

Or sooth the Court, and preach up Kingly Right,

To gain a Prebend'ry, and Mitre by't.

In fine, turn Pettifogger, Canonist,

Civilian, Pedant, Mountebank, or Priest,

Soldier, or Merchant, Fidler, Painter, Fencer,

Jack-pudding, Juggler, Player, or Rope-dancer:

Preach, Plead, Cure, Fight, Game, Pimp, Beg, Cheat,
or Thieve;

Be all but Poet, and there's way to live.

But why do I in vain my Counsel spend
On one whom there's so little hope to mend?

Where I perhaps as fruitlessly exhort,

As Lenten Doctors, when they Preach at Court?

Not enter'd Punks from Lust they once have tried,
 Not Fops, and Women from Conceit, and Pride,
 Not Bawds from Impudence, Cowards from Fear,
 Nor fear'd unfeeling Sinners past Despair,
 Are half hard, and stubborn to reduce,
 As a poor Wretch, when once possess'd with Muse.

If therefore, what I've said, cannot avail,
 Nor from the Rhiming Folly thee recal,
 But spight of all thou wilt be obstinate,
 And run thy self upon avoidless Fate;
 May'st thou go on unpitied, till thou be
 Brought to the Parish, Bridg, and Beggary:
 Till urg'd by want, like broken Scriblers, thou
 Turn Poet to a Booth, a *Smithfield*-Show,
 And write Heroick Verse for *Bartholmew*.

Then slighted by the very Nursery,
 May'st thou at last be forc'd to starve, like me.

A
S A T Y R,

In Imitation of the Third of
J U V E N A L.

Written, May, 1682.

*The Poet brings in a Friend of his, giving him
an account why he removes from London to
live in the Country.*

THO much concern'd to leave my dear old
Friend,

I must however his Design commend
Of fixing in the Country: for were I
As free to chuse my Residence, as he;

The *Peake*, the *Fens*, the *Hundreds*, or *Lands-end*,
I would prefer to *Fleetstreet*, or the *Strand*.

What place so defart, and so wild is there,
Whose Inconveniencies one would not bear,
Rather than the Alarms of midnight Fire,
The falls of Houses, Knavery of Cits,
The Plots of Factions, and the noise of Wits,
And thousand other Plagues, which up and down
Each day and hour infest the cursed Town ?

As Fate wou'd have't, on the appointed day
Of parting hence, I met him on the way,
Hard by *Mile-end*, the place so fam'd of late,
In Prose, and Verse for the great *Fallions Treat* ;
Here we stood still, and after Complements
Of course, and wishing his good Journey hence,
I ask'd what sudden causes made him slie
The once-lov'd Town, and his dear Company :
When, on the hated Prospect looking back,
Thus with just rage the good old *Timon* spake.

Since Virtue here in no repute is had,
Since Worth is scorn'd, Learning and Sense un-
paid,

And Knavery the only thriving Trade ;

Finding my slender Fortune every day

Dwindle, and waſt inſenſibly away,

I, like a loſing Gameſter, thus retreat,

To manage wiſelier my laſt ſtake of Fate :

While I have ſtrength, and want no ſtaff to prop

My tott'ring Limbs, e're Age has made me ſtoop

Beneath its weight, e're all my Thread be ſpun,

And Life has yet in ſtore ſome Sands to run,

'Tis my Reſolve to quit the nauſeous Town.

Let thriving *Mercraft* chuſe his dwelling there,
Rich with the Spoils of ſome young ſpend-thrift
Heir :

Let the Plot-mongers ſlay behind, whoſe Art

Can Truth to Sham, and Sham to Truth convert ;

Who ever has an Houſe to Build, or Set,

His Wife, his Conſcience, or his Oath to let :

Whoever has, or hopes for Offices,
A Navy, Guard, or Custom-house's Place:
Let sharpening Courtiers stay, who there are great
By putting the false Dice on King, and State.
Where they, who once were Grooms, and Foot-boys
known,
Are now to fair Estates, and Honors grown;
Nor need we envy them, or wonder much
At their fantastick Greatness, since they're such,
Whom Fortune oft in her capricious freaks
Is pleas'd to raise from Kennels, and the Jakes,
To Wealth, and Dignity above the rest,
When she is frolick, and dispos'd to jest.

I live in *London*? What should I do there?
I cannot lye, nor flatter, nor forswear:
I can't commend a Book, or Piece of Wit,
(Tho a Lord were the Author) dully writ:
I'm no Sir *Sydrophel* to read the Stars,
And cast Nativities for longing Heirs,

When Fathers shall drop off: no Gaddbury
 To tell the minute, when the King shall die,
 And you know what—come in: nor can I steer,
 And tack about my Conscience, whensoe're,
 To a new Point, I see Religion veer.
 Let others pimp to Courtier's Lechery,
 I'll draw no City-Cuckold's Curse on me:
 Nor would I do it, tho to be made great,
 And rais'd to the chief Ministers of State,
 Therefore I think it fit to rid the Town
 Of one, that is an useless member grown.

Besides, who has pretence to Favour now,
 But he, who hidden Villany does know,
 Whose Breast does with some burning Secret
 glow?

By none thou shalt preferr'd, or valued be,
 That trusts thee with an honest Secresie:
 He only may to great men's Friendship reach,
 Who Great Men, when he pleases, can impeach.

Let others thus aspire to Dignity;
For me, I'd not their envied Grandeur buy
For all th' *Exchange* is worth, that *Pauls* will cost,
Or was of late in the *Scotch* Voyage lost.

What would it boot, if I, to gain my end,
Forego my Quiet, and my ease of mind,
Still fear'd, at last betray'd by my great Friend.

Another Cause, which I must boldly own,
And not the least, for which I quit the Town,
Is to behold it made the Common-shore,
Where *France* does all her Filth, and Ordure pour:
What Spark of true old *English* rage can bear
Those, who were Slaves at home, to Lord it here?
We've all our Fashions, Language, Compliments,
Our Musick, Dances, Curing, Cooking thence;
And we shall have their Pois'ning too e're long,
If still in the improvement we go on.

What would'st thou say, great *Harry*, should'st
thou view

Thy gawdy flutt'ring Race of *English* now,

Their

Their tawdry Cloaths, Pulvilio's, Essences,
Their *Chedreux* Perruques, and those Vanities,
Which thou, and they of old did so despise?
What would'st thou say to see th' infected Town
With the fowl Spawn of Foreigners o're-run?
Hither from *Paris*, and all Parts they come,
The Spue, and Vomit of their Goals at home;
To Court they flock, and to *S. James* his Square,
And wriggle into Great Mens Service there:
Foot-boys at first, till they, from wiping Shooes,
Grow by degrees the Masters of the House:
Ready of Wit, barden'd of Impudence,
Able with ease to put down either *H*——
Both the King's Player, and King's Evidence:
Flippant of Talk, and voluble of Tongue,
With words at will, no Lawyer better hung:
Softer than flattering Court-Parasite,
Or City-Trader, when he means to cheat:
No Calling, or Profession comes amiss,
A needy *Monsieur* can be what he please,

Groom, Page, Valet, Quack, Operator, Fencer,
Perfumer, Pimp, Jack-pudding, Juggler, Dancer :
Give but the word ; the Cur will fetch and bring,
Come over to the *Emperor*, or *King* :
Or, if you please, fly o're the Pyramid,
Which *J——* and the rest in vain have tried.

Can I have patience, and endure to see
The paltry *Forein* Wretch take place of me,
Whom the same Wind, and Vessel brought ashore,
That brought prohibited Goods, and Dildoes o're ?
Then, pray, what mighty Privilege is there
For me, that at my Birth drew *English* Air ?
And where's the Benefit to have my Veins
Run *Brittish* Blood, if there's no difference
'Twixt me, and him, the Statute Freedom gave,
And made a Subject of a true-born Slave ?

But nothing shocks, and is more loath'd by me,
Than the vile Rascal's fulsom Flattery :
By help of this false Magnifying Glass,
A Louse, or Flea shall for a Camel pass :

Produce an hideous Wight, more ugly far
 Than those ill Shapes, which in old Hangings are,
 He'll make him strait a *Beau Garçon* appear:
 Commend his Voice, and Singing, tho he bray
 Worse than *Sir Martin Marr-all* in the Play:
 And if he Rhime; shall praise for Standard Wit,
 More scurvy sense than *Fryn*, and *Vickers* Writ.

And here's the mischief, tho we say the same,
 He is believ'd, and we are thought to sham:
 Do you but smile, immediately the Beast
 Laughs out aloud, tho he ne'er heard the jest;
 Pretend, you're sad, he's presently in Tears,
 Yet grieves no more than Marble, when it wears
 Sorrow in Metaphor: but speak of Heat;
 O God! how sultry 'tis: he'll cry, and sweat
 In depth of Winter: strait, if you complain
 Of Cold; the Weather-glass is sunk again:
 Then he'll call for his Frize-Campaign, and swear,
 'Tis beyond *Eighty*, he's in *Greenland* here.

Thus he shifts Scenes, and oft'ner in a day
Can change his Face, than Actors at a Play:
There's nought so mean, can scape the flatter'ing
Sot,
Not his Lord's Snuff-box, nor his Powder-Spot:
If he but Spit, or pick his Teeth; he'll cry,
How every thing becomes you? let me die,
Your Lordship does it most judiciously:
And swear, 'tis fashionable, if he Sneeze,
Extremely taking, and it needs must please.

Besides, there's nothing sacred, nothing free
From the hot Satyr's rampant Lechery:
Nor Wife, nor Virgin-Daughter can escape,
Scarce thou thy self, or Son avoid a Rape:
All must go pad-lock'd: if nought else there be,
Suspect thy very Stables Chastity.
By this the Vermin into Secrets creep,
Thus Families in awe they strive to keep.

What living for an *English* man is there,
Where such as these get head, and domineer,
Whose use and custom 'tis, never to share
A Friend, but love to reign without dispute,
Without a Rival, full, and absolute ?
Soon as the Insect gets his *Honor's* ear,
And fly-blows some of's pois'nous malice there,
Strait I'm turn'd off, kick'd out of doors, discarded,
And all my former Service dis-regarded.

But leaving these *Messieurs*, for fear that I
Be thought of the *Silk-Weavers Mutiny*,
From the loath'd subject let us hasten on,
To mention other Grievances in Town :
And further, what Respect at all is had
Of poor men here ? and how's their Service paid,
Tho they be ne'r so diligent to wait,
To sneak, and dance attendance on the Great ?
No mark of Favour is to be obtain'd
By one, that sues, and brings an empty hand :

And all his merit is but made a sport,
Unless he glut some Cormorant at Court.

'Tis now a common thing, and usual here,
To see the Son of some rich Usurer
Take place of Nobles, keep his first-rate Whore,
And for a Vaulting bout, or two give more
Than a Guard-Captains Pay : mean while the
Breed

Of Peers, reduc'd to Poverty, and Need,
Are fain to trudge to the *Bank-side*, and there
Take up with Porters leavings, Suburb-Ware,
There spend that Blood, which their great Ancestors
So nobly shed at *Cressy* heretofore,
At Brothel-Fights in some foul Common-shore.

Produce an Evidence, tho just he be,
As righteous *Jeb*, or *Abraham*, or *He*,
Whom Heaven, when whole Nature shipwrack'd
was,
Thought worth the saving, of all human Race,

Or t'other, who the flaming Deluge scap'd,
When *Sodom's* Leechers Angels would have rap'd;
How rich he is, must the first question be,
Next for his Manners, and Integrity:
They'l ask, *what Equipage he keeps, and what*
He's reckon'd worth in Money, and Estate,
For Shrieve how oft he has been known to fine,
And with how many Dishes he does dine:
For look what Cash a person has in store,
Just so much Credit has he, and no more:
Should I upon a thousand Bibles Swear,
And call each Saint throughout the Calendar:
To vouch my Oath; it won't be taken here;
The Poor slight Heav'n, and Thunderbolts (they
think)
And Heav'n it self does at such Trifles wink.
Besides, what store of gibing scoffs are thrown
On one, that's poor, and meanly clad in Town;
If his Apparel seem but overworn,
His Stockings out at heel, or Breeches torn?

One takes occasion his ript Shooe to flout,
And swears 'thas been at Prison-grates hung out :
Another shrewdly jeers his coarse Crevat,
Because himself wears *Point* : a third his Hat,
And most unmercifully shews his Wit,
If it be old, or does not cock aright :
Nothing in Poverty so ill is born,
As its exposing men to grinning scorn,
To be by tawdry Coxcombs piss'd upon,
And made the jesting-stock of each Buffoon.
Turn out there, Friend! (cries one at Church) *the Pew*
Is not for such mean scoundrel Curs, as you :
'Tis for your Betters kept : Belike, some Sor,
That knew no Father, was on Bulks begot :
But now is rais'd to an Estate, and Pride,
By having the kind Proverb on his side :
Let *Gripe* and *Cheatwel* take their Places there,
And *Dash* the Scriv'ners gawdy sparkish Heir,
That wears three ruin'd Orphans on his back :
Mean while you in the Alley stand, and sneak :

And you therewith must rest contented, since
Almighty Wealth does put such difference.

What Citizen a Son-in-law will take,
Bred ne'er so well, that can't a Joynter make?

What man of sense, that's poor, e'er summon'd is
Amongst the Common-Council to advise?

At Vestry-Consults when does he appear,
For choosing of some Parish-Officer,
Or making Leather-Buckets for the Choire?

'Tis hard for any man to rise, that feels
His Virtue clog'd with Poverty at heels:
But harder 'tis by much in *London*, where
A sorry Lodging, coarse, and slender Fare,
Fire, Water, Breathing, every thing is dear:
Yet such as these an earthen Dish disdain,
With which their Ancestors, in *Edgar's* Reign,
Were serv'd, and thought it no disgrace to dine,
Tho they were rich, had store of Leather-Coin.
Low as their Fortune is, yet they despise
A man that walks the streets in homely Frize:

To speak the truth, great part of *England* now
In their own Cloth will scarce vouchsafe to go:
Only, the Statutes Penalty to save,
Some few perhaps wear Woollen in the Grave.
Here all go gaily drest, altho it be
Above their Means, their Rank, and Quality:
The most in borrow'd Gallantry are clad,
For which the Tradesmen's Books are still unpaid:
This Fault is common in the meaner sort,
That they must needs affect to bear the Port
Of Gentlemen, tho they want Income for't.

}

Sir, to be short, in this expensive Town
There's nothing without Mony to be done:
What will you give to be admitted there,
And brought to speech of some Court-Minister?
What will you give to have the quarter-face,
The squint and nodding go-by of his Grace?
His Porter, Groom, and Steward must have Fees,
And you may see the Tombs, and Tow'r for less:

Hard Fate of Suitors! who must pay, and pray
To Livery-slaves, yet oft go scorn'd away.

Who e're at *Barnet*, or *S. Albans* fears
To have his Lodging drop about his ears,
Unless a sudden Hurricane befall,
Or such a Wind as blew old *Nell* to Hell?
Here we build flight, what scarce out-lasts the Lease,
Without the help of Props, and Buttresses:
And Houses now adays as much require
To be ensur'd from Falling, as from Fire.
There Buildings are substantial, tho less neat,
And kept with care both Wind, and Water-tight:
There you in safe security are blest,
And nought, but Conscience, to disturb your Rest.

A am for living where no Fires affright,
No Bells rung backward break my sleep at night:
I scarce lie down, and draw my Curtains here.
But strait I'm rous'd by the next House on Fire:
Pale, and half-dead with Fear, my self I raise,
And find my Room all over in a blaze:

By this 'thas seiz'd on the third Stairs, and I
Can now discern no other Remedy,
But leaping out at Window to get free:
For if the Mischief from the Cellar came,
Be sure the Garret is the last, takes flame.

The moveables of *P*——ge were a Bed
For him, and's Wife, a Piss-pot by its side,
A Looking-glass upon the Cupboards Head,
A Comb-case, Candlestick, and Pewter-spoon,
For want of Plate, with Desk to write upon:
A Box without a Lid serv'd to contain
Few Authors, which made up his *Vatican*:
And there his own immortal Works were laid,
On which the barbarous Mice for hunger prey'd:
P——had nothing, all the world does know;
And yet should he have lost this Nothing too,
No one the wretched Bard would have suppl'd
With Lodging, House-room, or a Crust of Bread,

But if the Fire burn down some Great Man's
House,

All strait are interess'd in the loss :

The Court is strait in Mourning sure enough,

The Act, Commencement, and the Term put off :

Then we Mischances of the Town lament,

And Fasts are kept, like Judgments to prevent.

Out comes a Brief immediately, with speed

To gather Charity as far as *Tweed*,

Nay, while 'tis burning, some will send him in

Timber, and Stone to build his House agen :

Others choice Furniture : here some rare piece

Of *Rubens*, or *Vandike* presented is :

There a rich Suit of *Moreclack*-Tapestry,

A Bed of Damask, or Embroidery :

One gives a fine Scritore, or Cabinet,

Another a huge massie Dish of Plate,

Or Bag of Gold : thus he at length gets more

By kind misfortune than he had before :

And

And all suspect it for a laid Design,
As if he did himself the Fire begin.
Could you but be advis'd to leave the Town,
And from dear Plays, and drinking Friends be
drawn,

An handfom Dwelling might be had in *Kent*,
Surrey, or *Essex*, at a cheaper Rent
Than what you're forc'd to give for one half year
To lie, like Lumber, in a Garret here :

A Garden there, and Well, that needs no Rope,
Engin, or Pains to Crane its Waters up :
Water is there thro Natures Pipes convey'd,
For which no Custom, or Excise is paid :
Had I the smallest Spot of Ground, which scarce
Would Summer half a dozen Grasshoppers,
Not larger than my Grave, tho hence remote,
Far as *S. Michaels Mount*, I would go to't,
Dwell there content, and thank the Fates to boot.

Here want of Rest a nights more People kills
Than all the College, and the weekly Bills :

Where none have privilege to sleep, but those,
 Whose Purles can compound for their Repose:
 In vain I go to bed, or close my eyes,
 Methinks the place the Middle Region is,
 Where I lie down in Storms, in Thunder rise:
 The restless Bells such Din in Steeples keep,
 That scarce the Dead can in their Church-yards
 sleep:

}

Huzza's of Drunkards, Bell-mens midnight-Rhimes,
 The noise of Shops, with Hawkers early Screams,
 Besides the Brawls of Coach-men, when they meet,
 And stop in turnings of a narrow Street,
 Such a loud Medley of confusion make,
 As drowfie A—r on the Bench would wake.

If you walk out in Bus'ness ne'er so great,
 Ten thousand stops you must expect to meet:
 Thick Crowds in every Place you must charge thro,
 And storm your Passage, whereſoe're you go:
 While Tides of Followers behind you throng,
 And, preſſing on your heels, ſhove you along:

One with a Board, or Rafter hits your Head,
Another with his Elbow bores your side;
Some tread upon your Corns, perhaps in sport,
Mean while your Legs are cas'd all o're with Dirt.
Here you the March of a slow Funeral wait,
Advancing to the Church with solemn State:
There a Sedan, and Lacquies stop your way,
That bears some Punk of Honor to the Play:
Now you some mighty piece of Timber meet,
Which tott'ring threatens ruin to the Street:
Next a huge *Portland* Stone, for building *Pauls*,
It self almost a Rock, on Carriage rowls:
Which, if it fall, would cause a Massacre,
And serve at once to murder, and interr.

If what I've said can't from the Town affright,
Consider other dangers of the Night:
When Brickbats are from upper Stories thrown,
And emptied Chamber-pots come pouring down
From Garret Windows: you have cause to bless
The gentle Stars, if you come off with Piss:

So many Fates attend, a man had need,
Ne'er walk without a Surgeon by his side:
And he can hardly now discreet be thought,
That does not make his Will, e're he go out.

If this you scape, twenty to one, you meet
Some of the drunken Scowlers of the Street,
Flush'd with success of warlike Deeds perform'd,
Of Constables subdu'd, and Brothels storm'd:
These, if a Quarrel, or a Fray be mist,
Are ill at ease a nights, and want their Rest.
For mischief is a Lechery to some,
And serves to make them sleep like *Laudanum*,
Yet heated, as they are, with Youth, and Wine,
If they discern a train of Flamboes shine,
If a Great Man with his gilt Coach appear,
And a strong Guard of Foot-boys in the rere,
The Rascals sneak, and shrink their Heads for fear.
Poor me, who use no Light to walk about,
Save what the Parish, or the Skies hang out,

They

They value not : 'tis worth your while to hear
The scuffle, if that be a scuffle, where
Another gives the Blows, I only bear :
He bids me stand : of force I must give way,
For 'twere a flensless thing to disobey,
And struggle here, where I'd as good oppose
My self to P——and his Mastiffs loose.
Who's there ? he cries, and takes you by the Throat,
Dog ! are you dumb ? Speak quickly, else my Foot
Shall march about your Buttocks : whence d'ye come,
From what Bulk-ridden Strumpet reeking home ?
Saving your reverend Pimpship, where d'ye ply ?
How may one have a Job of Lechery ?
If you say any thing, or hold your peace,
And silently go off ; 'tis all a case :
Still he lays on : nay well, if you scape so :
Perhaps he'l clap an Action on you too
Of Battery : nor need he fear to meet
A Jury to his turn, shall do him right,

And

And bring him in large Damage for a Shooe
Worn out, besides the pains, in kicking you.
A Poor Man must expect nought of redress,
But Patience : his best in such a case
Is to be thankful for the Drubs, and beg
That they would mercifully spare one leg,
Or Arm unbroke, and let him go away
With Teeth enough to eat his Meat next day.

Nor is this all, which you have cause to fear,
Oft we encounter midnight Padders here:
When the *Exchanges*, and the Shops are close,
And the rich Tradesman in his Counting-house
To view the Profits of the day withdraws. }
Hither in flocks from *Shooters-Hill* they come,
To seek their Prize, and Booty nearer home :
Tour Purse ! they cry ; 'tis madness to resist,
Or strive with a cock'd Pistol at your Breast :
And these each day so strong and numerous grow,
The Town can scarce afford them Jail-room now.

Happy the times of the old *Heptarchy*,
E're *London* knew so much of Villany :
Then fatal Carts thro *Holborn* seldom went,
And *Tyburn* with few Pilgrims was content :
A less, and single Prison then would do,
And serv'd the City, and the County too.

These are the Reasons, Sir, which drive me hence,
To which I might add more, would Time dispense,
To hold you longer ; but the Sun draws low,
The Coach is hard at hand, and I must go :
Therefore, dear Sir, farewell ; and when the Town
From better Company can spare you down,
To make the Country with your Presence blest,
Then visit your old Friend amongst the rest :
There I'll find leisure to unlade my mind
Of what Remarques I now must leave behind :
The Fruits of dear Experience, which with these
Improv'd will serve for hints, and notices ;
And when you write again, may be of use
To furnish Satyr for your daring Muse.

A

Dithyrambick.

The Drunkards Speech in a Mask.

Written in Aug. 1677.

'Οὐκ ἔστι Διθύραμβος, ἀλλ' ὕμνος μόνον.

I.

YES, you are mighty wife, I warrant, mighty wife!

With all your godly Tricks, and Artifice,
Who think to chouse me of my dear and pleasant
Vice.

Hence holy Sham! in vain your fruitless Toil:
Go, and some unexperienc'd Fop beguile,

To some raw ent'ring Sinner cant, and Whine,
Who never knew the worth of Drunkenness and
Wine.

I've tried, and prov'd, and found it all Divine:
It is resolv'd, I will drink on, and die,
I'll not one minute lose, nor I,

To hear your troublesom Divinity:
Fill me a top-full Glasse, I'll drink it on the Knee,
Confusion to the next that spoils good Company.

II.

That Gulp was worth a Soul, like it, it went,
And thorowout new Life, and Vigor sent:
I feel it warm at once my Head, and Heart,
I feel it all in all, and all in every part.
Let the vile Slaves of Bus'ness toil, and strive,
Who want the Leisure, or the Wit to live;
While we Life's tedious journey shorter make,
And reap those Joys which they lack sence to
take.

Thus

Thus live the Gods (if ought above our selves
there be)

They live so happy, unconcern'd, and free:

Like us they sit, and with a careless Brow

Laugh at the petty Jars of Human kind below:

Like us they spend their Age in gentle Ease,

Like us they drink; for what were all their Heav'n,
alas!

If sober, and compell'd to want that Happiness.

III.

Assist almighty Wine, for thou alone hast Power,

And other I'll invoke no more,

Assist, while with just Praise I thee adore;

Aided by thee, I dare thy worth rehearse,

In Flights above the common pitch of groveling
Verse.

Thou art the Worlds great Soul, that heav'nly
Fire,

Which dost our dull half-kindled mass inspire.

We nothing gallant, and above our selves produce,

Till thou dost finish Man, and Reinsfuse.

Thou

Thou art the only source of all, the world calls
great,

Thou didst the Poets first, and they the Gods create:
To thee their Rage, their Heat, their Flame they
owe,

Thou must half share with Art, and Nature too.

They owe their Glory, and Renown to thee;

Thou giv'st their Verse, and them Eternity.

Great *Alexander*, that big'st Word of Fame,

That fills her Throat, and almost rends the same,

Whose Valour found the World too strait a Stage

For his wide Victories, and boundless Rage,

Got not Repute by War alone, but thee,

He knew, he ne'er could conquer by Sobriety,

And drunk as well as fought for universal Mo-
narchy.

IV.

Pox o' that lazy *Claret*! how it stays?

Were it again to pass the Seas;

'Twould sooner be in Cargo here,

'Tis now a long *East-India* Voyage, half a year.

'Sdeath! here's a minute lost, an Age, I mean,

Slipt by, and ne'er to be retriev'd again.

For pity suffer not the precious Juyce to die,

Let us prevent our own, and its Mortality :

Like it, our Life with standing and Sobriety is pall'd,

And like it too, when dead, can never be recall'd.

Push on the Glass, let it measure out each hour,

For every Sand an Health let's pour :

Swift as the rowling Orbs above,

And let it too as regularly move :

Swift as Heav'ns drunken red-fac'd Traveller, the
Sun,

And never rest, till his last Race be done,

Till time it self be all run out, and we

Have drunk our selves into Eternity.

V.

Six in a hand begin! we'll drink it twice apiece,

A Health to all that love, and honor Vice.

Six more as oft to the great Founder of the Vine.

(A God he was, I'm sure, or should have been)

The

The second Father of Mankind I meant,
He, when the angry Pow'rs a Deluge sent,
When for their Crimes our sinful Race was
drown'd,

The only bold, and vent'rous man was found,
Who durst be drunk agen, and with new Vice the
World replant.

The mighty Patriarch 'twas of blessed Me-
mory,

Who escap'd in the great Wreck of all Mortality,
And stock'd the Globe afresh with a brave drink-
ing Progeny.

In vain would spightful Nature us reclaim,
Who to small Drink our *Isle* thought fit to damn,
And set us out o'th' reach of Wine,
In hope strait Pounds could our vast Thirst con-
fine,

He taught us first with Ships the Seas to roam,
Taught us from Forcin Lands to fetch supply.
Rare Art! that makes all the wide world our
home,

Makes every Realm pay Tribute to our Luxury.

VI.

Adieu poor tott'ring Reason ! tumble down !
This Glass shall all thy proud usurping Powers
drown,
And Wit on thy cast Ruins shall erect her Throne ;
Adieu, thou fond Disturber of our Life !
That check'st our Joys, with all our Pleasure art at
strife :
I've something brisker now to govern me,
A more exalted noble Faculty,
Above thy Logick, and vain boasted Pedantry.
Inform me, if you can, ye reading Sots, what 'tis,
That guides th' unerring Deities :
They no base Reason to their Actions bring,
But move by some more high, more heavenly
thing,
And are without Deliberation wise :
Ev'n such is this, at least 'tis much the same,
For which dull Schoolmen never yet could find a
name,

Call ye this madness? damn that sober Fool,
(Twas sure some dull Philosopher, some reas'ning
Tool)

Who the reproachful Term did first devise,
And brought a scandal on the best of Vice.
Go, ask me, what's the rage young Prophets feel,
When they with holy Frenzy reel:
Drunk with the Spirits of infus'd Divinity,
They rave, and stagger, and are mad, like me,

VII.

Oh, what an Ebb of Drink have we?
Bring, bring a Deluge, fill us up the Sea,
Let the vast Ocean be our mighty Cup;
We'll drink't, and all its Fishes too like Loaches up.
Bid the *Canary* Fleet land here: we'll pay
The Freight, and Custom too defray:
Set every man a Ship, and when the Store
Is emptied; let them strait dispatch, and Sail for
more:

'Tis gone: and now have at the Rhine,
 With all its petty Rivulets of Wine:
 The *Empire's* Forces with the *Spanish* we'll combine,
 We'll make their Drink too in confederacy join.
 Ware *France* the next: this Round *Bordeaux*
 shall swallow,
Champagne, Lagen, and Burgundy shall follow.
 Quick, let's forestal *Lovain*:
 We'll starve his Army, all their Quarters drain,
 And without Treaty put an end to the Campaign.
 Go, set the *Universe* a tilt, turn the Globe up,
 Squeeze out the last, the slow unwilling Drop:
 A pox of empty Nature! since the World's drawn
 dry,
 'Tis time we quit mortality,
 'Tis time we now give out, and die,
 Lest we are plagu'd with Dulness and Sobriety.
 Beset with Link-boys, we'll in triumph go,
 A Troop of staggering Ghosts down to the Shades
 below:

Drunk we'll march off, and reel into the Tomb,
Natures convenient dark Retiring-Room ;
And there, from Noise remov'd, and all tumultuous
strife,
Sleep out the dull Fatigue, and long Debauch of
Life.

*[Tries to go off, but tumbles down, and falls
asleep.]*

FINIS.